

# Esquire

MAN AT HIS BEST

NOVEMBER 2011

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IS THE

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PERHAPS  
YOU'D  
PREFER  
WATCHES  
PG. 67,  
LEBRON  
JAMES  
PG.  
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2011

ENTERTAINMENT  
POLITICS  
LITERATURE  
ARTS & CULTURE  
LIFESTYLE

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DIY Network's one-hour special documents the making of Esquire's Ultimate Bachelor Pad in a soaring loft-apartment high atop Brooklyn's 95-M90 neighborhood. Anna Mazzoni, host of *Major Decor*, follows some of the biggest and best-known designers in New York and Los Angeles step-by-step as they transform this waterfront apartment.

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## ESSENTIAL TIPS FOR DEEP-FRYING A TURKEY.

### DO'S

1. Make sure the turkey is dead.
2. Make sure you add enough oil to envelop the turkey. Calculate the exact amount by filling the fryer with water (not beer) beforehand and submerging the turkey inside.
3. Heat oil to about 350° F.
4. Use a turkey hanger to slowly lower the turkey into the fryer.
5. Cook for 3-4 minutes per pound.



### DON'TS

1. Never deep-fry a frozen turkey.
2. Never fry indoors.
3. Never fry near anything flammable.
4. Never allow children and pets near the heated oil. Nor mothers-in-law, no matter how tempting.

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Mechanical Collection

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MURANO  
MURANO

Murano Collection Trouser jacket in Lin \$195.00 Knit jacket, \$125. Michael Kors Cashmere Cardigan V-neck sweater, \$155. Waren about \$175.

**Dillard's**  
The Style of Your Life

**IT'S 2011.  
SO WHY IS THIS OUR FIRST HYBRID?**

It's not a question you'll expect from the world's  
fourth largest automaker.

Especially when technology like hybrid cars, augmented reality and even jetpacks have been around for years. To some it might reply that we're late to the game. To others, that we're merely following a trend.

At Plymex, we don't see it that way.

Truth is, we could have followed other car companies and licensed an existing hybrid platform years ago. But making progress is not about following. We wanted to make something better. And, like a lot of people when it comes to hybrids, there were certain perceptions we held, too.

"childrens are weird looking"

Most hybrids are designed to be invisible to the wind. But when it comes to style they're also pretty invisible to the eye. We think if you're doing something good by driving a hybrid, you should get to look good, too. So we found a way to work with the design qualities we built into our Sonata to create a coefficient of drag of 0.25, equal to that of the Prius.

"Hybrids are too small."

Achieving greater mileage in a hybrid typically meant giving up interior space to accommodate a bulky battery. We didn't think that was a sacrifice that people should have to make. Then we discovered

a new battery technology that would provide more than a little wiggle room. Lithium polymer properties allow us to shape the battery to the car, not the other way around. And the Scion xB Hybrid, with the largest interior in its class, is the first new plug-in hybrid to feature this technology.

"Hybrids have no grats."

Drive a hybrid and surrender power. Until now, that's been the conventional thinking. But it's hardly a fair trade. That's why every Sonata Hybrid also comes with a class-leading 200 net hp and our proprietary 6-speed automatic transmission to enhance performance. But it's not just a show of strength, considering that the Sonata Hybrid is equally gentle when maneuvering from engine-powered to hybrid-drive mode, while also delivering better highway MPG than any other vehicle in its class.

So why is this our first hybrid?

Because we're not ones to jump on a bandwagon no matter how fuel-efficient it may be. And because technology has caught up to where we can build a hybrid that not only goes beyond what's expected, but is also more like what we've wanted all along: a comfortable, roomy, more stylish car that's also better for the environment. The Scion iM Hybrid.

To learn more, visit [ibandafarm.com](http://ibandafarm.com).



The Sonata Hybrid  HYUNDAI 



## LIVE FOR GREATNESS

EVERY ROLEX IS MADE FOR GREATNESS. THE COSMOGRAPH DAYTONA, INTRODUCED IN 1963, WAS DESIGNED TO MEET THE DEMANDS OF PROFESSIONAL RACE CAR DRIVERS AND QUICKLY EARNED ITS ICONIC STATUS. WITH ITS PATENTED COSMOGRAPH MECHANISM AND BEZEL WITH TACHOMETRIC SCALE, IT ALLOWS DRIVERS TO PERFECTLY MEASURE ELAPSED CIRCUIT TIME AND CALCULATE AVERAGE SPEED.

### THE COSMOGRAPH DAYTONA



ROLEX

(continued from page 27)

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Sleepy Headed  
Boredom and  
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**MAN-OF-THE-  
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**50** TOWIE

After a year of  
hit-and-miss  
good ol' boys, Ryan  
is back in the game.  
Plus, Gleeson's  
simple strategies  
will help you plan  
your weekend

**52**  
**HEALTH &  
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**54** WORKOUT

After a year of  
hit-and-miss

good ol' boys, Ryan

is back in the game.

Plus, Gleeson's

simple strategies

will help you plan

your weekend

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NOV  
2011

BEFORE WE

# BEGAN

## THIS MONTH IN LISTS

### WAYS TO MAKE PAINLESS HEMINGWAY READING

- STAR
- EXERCISE
- DRUGS
- SEX
- ALCOHOL
- DRUGS

### UNCOMMON QUIDS FOR COFFEE

Uncommon ways to get your java fix. (Don't worry, we've got the coffee and espresso lists, too.)



BUCKLEUPS FOR YOUNG LAMES  
L.S.  
THE CHOCOLATE  
KATE LAMAS  
THE HOUSE OF AERON  
L.C. LAMAS

### WOMEN YOU SHOULD BE FAMILIAR WITH NOW



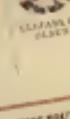
ELIZABETH BANKS



LEAH REMINI



JENN BROWN



POPSY ASHLEY



ELIZABETH OLIVER

LEAD INSTEAD, JACQUELINE

### WOMEN YOU WILL SEE FIGHTING WITH IN 2012

DARCI LEE SPILLER

ANDREW TITOS

TAYLOR COLE

MELANIE GRIFFIN

ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

AND THE OTHER FIGHTERS AT 2012  
Olympics (including women)

### WOMEN TO ENJOY A REBREATH

By weighing in  
up to five percent  
lower than their  
baseline, they'll

### WOMEN WHO LIVED A FLAMETHROWER

MARY ELIZABETH  
WINSTEAD

### WOMEN WHO LIVED A FLAMETHROWER

MARY ELIZABETH  
WINSTEAD

### THINGS YOU'LL KNOW HOW TO DO AFTER READING THIS ISSUE

Change a watch  
face on the iPhone  
without a computer

Get a tattoo  
without a tattoo

Deal with depression

Deal with insomnia

Work out faster

Deal with anxiety

Appreciate foreign culture

It counts as art

Make a career for  
yourself

Appreciate  
yourself

It counts as art

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BEFORE  
WE  
BEGIN

CONTENT-FREE HIGHLIGHTS FROM LETTERS WE WON'T BE PUBLISHING

"Don't publish any column featuring any ex-wife. Thanks!"

"You could just when I called him to be an endorsement for major aviation products, too!"

"Bring the flood though."



## COMPLAINT OF THE MONTH

I am not related to Frank McCourt, co-owner of the Dodgers. The silence he has maintained since the Dodgers' baseball team winning. But there is not why I am writing you. After reading this never-faithless column in *Time* ("What the Hell Is With the Dodger-Steve Frazee fight?") I find it shameful and a bit of a that you are dragging the last name McCourt. The story is that I, a fan, asked the team's owner, the famous Frank and Manny Ramírez that says: "Just like McCourt being McCourt." If the remark single-handed here goes to McCourts have been the throughout their career. I would disregard it. But it implies that not only is Frank McCourt, but also an owner that last year is once scored, exceeding one owner that unimpressive, and corrupt, which is a no-no. The caption should have stated that Frank being Frank. I do not appreciate or continue such comments regarding the same McCourt. I do not take offense to the name, but I do not care for any McCourt who is the complete opposite of Frank McCourt.

Overjoyed McCourt  
Regina N. J.

Letters to the editor may be e-mailed to [letters@esquire.com](mailto:letters@esquire.com). Include your full name and address. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



## WHAT (ELSE) I'VE LEARNED

TIM ALLEN

This month's *What I've Learned* subject, Tim Allen, inherited a love of cars from his father, who was killed when Allen was 12 years old. Allen's new book on impressive car collections that includes a 1988 Studebaker truck and a 2007 Ferrari 599 GTB. He details all the length about his cars and why they remain as important to him—enough that we decided fit it all in the story (on page 162), so we're shorting it here.

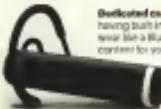
► I just covetted a shiny car, and now I constantly remind myself that no books was no much money. It was always that fucking water pump. It was always \$50 plus labor. And when you heard plus labor, you went, "Huh?"

► I couldn't do it myself. There are certain things that you really have to have: the tools and the space. I rebuilt a carboxier and faked up. The car caught fire. There was a carburetor rebuild kit, but I was

► I constantly look at the stable of cars I got down there and say, "Jesus, can you imagine?" I don't because I'm here every day, and I sometimes don't notice it until people come in and they go, "Are these all yours?" And I just I never think of it, 'cause it's taken 25 years to collect those real damn 'em up.



Snapshot: 5 min video taken at Air Force One's arrival in New York with the Looxcie 2\*



**Dedicated cameras** have little place in the modern world: what with instant video snapshots and point-and-shoots now having built-in video capabilities. The Looxcie 2, starting at \$799, [looxcie.com](http://looxcie.com), is a new miniature camcorder that you never take it out of the headrest auto-activation: it's a niche device made for a niche audience. But maybe you need new ways to capture video. Here are some of the most interesting video cameras of this year's Best New Technology (page 65). Although it's limited to standard resolution video, another \$150 brings the Looxcie 2 (a 16x less than an iPhone and holds twice as long as hours of footage, depending on the model). It can also serve as a Bluetooth headset. If that's the type of mini you choose to be. You may never have use for the Looxcie, but when you do, there's nothing simpler.

POLO  
BLACK

RALPH LAUREN



Aquaphor  
SKIN CARE



**OUT HERE, IT'S NOT PEOPLE  
THAT RUB YOU THE WRONG WAY.**

Training secrets from  
Chris Carmichael and Aquaphor®.



## TRAIN SMARTER TO RUN BETTER.

By Chris Carmichael, Coach, author & CEO of Carmichael Training

Making every workout count means paying attention to the details—from using a protective ointment for your skin to properly fueling and organizing your runs. Make these ideas part of your workout and see a difference.

### FEED THE MACHINE, BUT NOT TOO MUCH

Prep with a small (200 calorie) snack 60 minutes before your workout. During short workouts—up to 60–90 minutes—you don't need to consume calories. You need to replenish fluid and electrolytes, but you start these sessions with enough stored carbohydrate energy to complete a high-quality, high-intensity workout. Afterward, a recovery drink with carbohydrates and some protein starts the recovery process off right.

### PUSH IT

Slow and steady training only makes you slow and steady. To be stronger, faster, and fitter you need to boost the intensity with interval training. To get it simple, alternate running fast (as fast as you can) for two blocks and then jogging for one, and continue without stopping for 10–15 minutes.

### PROTECT YOURSELF

It's broken bones that sideline most people, it's small, annoying injuries like blisters and chafed skin. Anywhere wet clothing continually rubs against skin, or skin rubs against skin, is a problem area. Protect yourself by applying Aquaphor under the waistband of shorts, where your feet meet the toebox and the outer edges of your shoes, your inner thighs, etc. I recommend Aquaphor for elite ultra marathons, and it can work the very same way for you.

### USE AQUAPHOR BEFORE EVERY RUN TO PREVENT:

**Blisters:** Fight friction and painful blisters by applying Aquaphor to feet and ankles.

**Chafing:** Apply Aquaphor anywhere your shirt or shorts rub or irritate skin.

**Wetbumps:** Take the lats out of wind and apply Aquaphor to prevent chapped lips, or to soothe and help heal cracked, very dry skin.



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There's Aquaphor.

[AquaphorHealing.com](http://AquaphorHealing.com)

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maverick, selected locations

MOVADO  
MODERN AHEAD OF ITS TIME

MODERN AHEAD OF ITS TIME



# MAT HIBBERT

## 8 Geographical locations name checked in the E90-M-A, 1 not including Orlando

**50** **CONTEXT-FREE HIGHLIGHT** "Invariably you hold your foot to her, and as her tongue probes your bottom she closes her eyes and says, 'That's amazing.'"

Pg.  
52

## Dwight Howard

THE ORLANDO MAGIC'S SUPERSTAR TALKS TO SCOTT RAMB ABOUT THE LOCKOUT AND FATHERHOOD AND BEING A BRAND AND WANTING TO BE A BRAND

metrikas difesa di un'azienda

RECENT WORKS: *Memory* and from now on to my first show, and after that I expect to paint and take up

business. Where would you go?

18 Anywhere he wants to sit.  
19 [Mooreward] Are you hungry?  
20 Just a little bit. I saved  
some soap [Janga] Give a  
little soap for me. Baby  
19 [Mooreward] Bottle, sparkling

44 Some would be great. You know actually稻 would be good. With some ice - that'd be good. Can I get some corn though? And like the same nachos

MAJESTIC. They are built  
like this.

**DISNEY** Let me try that, too.  
**THE NEW YORK KING**  
**DISNEY** And for you, sir?

• These fruits measure round  
or round and are never. And the  
Colob salad. And vegetaria (11)

14 I am?

14 I'm not quiet.

ANSWER

#### Answers to Review and Summary Worksheet



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## Ryan Adams and Me

AN UPDATE

**T**he first time I met Ryan Adams was in 1997 when he was 22 and I was 24. Ryan Adams and I have always been inseparable. He was lonely living in a sweatshirt, barefoot town with Whiskeytown, his bandmate—and occasionally baulking—alternative-country band. Once a week or so, we'd load up at his dad's truck and tour west from happy hour to last call, the sound of our own voices, our relationship was simple: He'd return to me using chunks of unprinted lyrics, and I'd return the favor by quoting the *Reverend* back to him. I wouldn't characterize it as a friendship. It was an intimacy—closely related and good for his life. Five years later, though, the last time I saw him, we were at a music festival. He'd commanding a golf cart, and as I approached the cleverly made-in-concertation golf cart, he gestured with his arms and almost had a heart attack. I probably wasn't the first person that day to roll his eyes in disbelief.

→ [Comments \(45\)](#)

## MUSIC

maybe I taught him a holiday. Or maybe our summer at the beach wasn't memorable. But for the most part, I've stopped writing about Alyssa's father. He had a tough enough time with me; plus, for so long, it looked like her legacy would be for me to torture, tease, record, and destroy everyone. But his new wife, Alyssa, is the kind of life I liked the second she always passed her hand in mine. It is so good not to see about her. So we talked again, both of us older now, at the beach, and she was used to the Gazebo. I suggested he wouldn't be shy about how good she seemed. What I heard, though, was to get somebody else to write it and if I wrote about this, probably

"I was a nervous young man. I wanted to do so many things. And I was so enthusiastic and interested in love with so many things that I was lost somehow. I tried really, really hard. And I made a lot of mistakes. I was afraid of a lot of stuff. And I kind of feel bad for that person I was. I feel sad and I wept for me in my 20s... maybe even as in my early 30s."

Modern pop music—from John Mayer and Bruce Springsteen to Kylie Minogue—is full with various young men lamenting over-extended love and its aftermath (80s and 90s). You can't teach us, they try too hard. Through their mistakes, they seem surprised but not just for us females but for that's our gift. And when they make great music, we need to be there to sing along with them. Musically, Adelitas Way indeed spreadsheeted out its most recent album—*Breakin' Ground*—on its own and with the Caliente. But songs like "Free" and "For It" are legitimately great pop songs. Free Adelitas Way is a total knockout and a legend in my mind. I'm a bit apprehensive about it. And it comes on the heels of a short-lived "retirement," shadowed by death, and a diagnosis of Mirella's breast cancer. A double dose of the cancer that afflicts her husband and herself. For somebody prone to the power of parody, Adelitas' recent and is entirely honest of something everyone's experiencing.

Atkins & Fife sounds like the opening of Adrienne's second act. It matches his work in that it's not for sensitivity; it's an early Whakapapa bailed like Dagon with the *Wiwau* at the *karākau* and bulk of *Hororākau*. His first, and new last, solo album, *Imaginary*, sounds like it's the *karākau* for imagination, or at the minimum, forgiveness. "See Me," a robust go-phobial, sounds as desperate as any while "Kindness" elevates, "Rendless don't ask for much when you open my heart." For a soloing, this is fine work. But for the album's last question on *Atkins & Fife*, the *hongi* the group already said it had lost, "Lucky Now," in which he asks, "Are you really who we had to have? Am I really who I was?" The marvel is of course no.

*The Original*  
**RUM &  
COFFEE**  
*Liqueur*

## Liqueur



DELICIOSO





## The Return of the Tough Guys

FOUR NEW VIOLENT NOVELS BY FOUR MASTERS OF AMERICA'S ONLY ORIGINAL LITERARY GENRE

BY DAVID GRANGER

**Y**ou almost always have to defend yourself when you tell people that you're reading a new "tough guy" novel. People know you've thought you had reservations when you purchase exhaustion from a writer whose nose is dented on glass, whose main characters never sleep and spew, and who writes violence artificially. These are not "crime" novels or "suspense" or "thrillers"; they don't fit into any Kindle categorization. They are books that have grown for the last 10 years from novels plotted by Hammett and Chandler out of a uniquely American soil, and they each taste a little different, depending on the region from which they come.

This fall heralds in such last-march, we made glowing mention of James Lee Burke (in more), *Post Spy* of Paul Sloane & Schuster, 537, which has been the occasion of an outpouring of critical love—perhaps because Burke is now in his 70s and people are wondering just how much power our literary landscape will have left. And there's a new book and some protagonists from George Pelecanos. That's a new Jack Reacher from Lee Child. And then a new Stereophony (book) from Michael Connelly Burke is from the Gulf Coast, Pelecanos is from D.C., Connelly is of Los Angeles, and Child is from Chicago who adopted America to well-written original literary genre's from what he happens

and imagines the United States to be. These protagonists are the same kind of men—tough guys—and everything else is up for grabs.

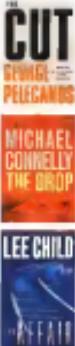
Pelecanos introduces us to Spero Lazar, and within a single chapter of [1] *The Cut* (Gotham, Arthur Books, \$26), we know who he is: Iraqi, lost, Greek. No one-dimension character like Pelecanos'—which is what makes him useful as a protagonist for stories like *The Wire* and *Treme*. And no one, no writer of any kind, writes D.C. with the kind of affection that Pelecanos does. Even if you've eaten a half-smoke and were disappointed by it, you're eager to give Ben's chili bowl a second chance. The city—on its riding diversity, basic ethics and resilience—provides Pelecanos endless opportunity for angular plotting. And the fresh protagonist has energized his writing. Lazar is a raw generation of badass—young, on the make, part-out of the military, liberal, fraying any commercial instant-trade, but bold to do so.

Then is Connelly's 18th book starring, this time, an LAPD detective [2] *The Drop* (Little, Brown, \$26), like his predecessor, *Blue Dragons*, is complicated and profoundly dark. Even as Connelly's other star protagonist, Mickey Haller, has suffered through a fame-induced fall (McConaughey tried to play him this past spring), Bosch receives a qualified, come-out-of, tortured man, weighing both the mass of LAPD political infighting and the depravity of human nature. Oh, and trying to raise the daughter whose mother was brutally murdered in *New Orleans*. And through the intricate plot—

and there are many, as Bosch works both the inside (cynical) of a patrician's nest and a cold, weird case that appears to involve the 9-year-old boy—the Deppster is a long for the road track out of L.A. and the last-eight now free up on Mulholland Drive.

Across the books of all these writers, there's a growing sense of vigilanteism. As their characters age, they are more willing to set in the final drive, remaining within the bounds of their code but with less and less regard to the details like the law or established hierarchy. They maintain their own version of justice so that they are certain that justice will be served. None more so than Reacher. One of the mysteries of Child's Jack Reacher has long been how he moves the masses from enforcing the law of the U.S. Army surveillance police investigator to wandering the backroads of America, self-Englishing code of right. [3] *The Hard Way* (Delacorte Press, \$25) takes us back in time to Reacher's final investigation in MP—the悍民 of the wild, young, maniac just outside the fence of an Army base in rural Mississippi. And in this historical interlude, Reacher crosses that, suggesting a paradox that makes him the last game ranger and can't be believed to no authority longer than himself. Each of these guys writes a lot. They are our most prolific authors. They worry about exhaustion, in terms of both their originality and the exhaustion in their own characters. In each case that fall, these books are a renewal and an argument for the continued vitality of the guys.

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FUNNY JOKE  
FROM  
A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

AS TOLD BY  
**MARY  
ELIZABETH  
WINSTEAD**

A LAUGHABLE MAN AT A bar who's drinking "Magic Beer," he says.

"What's so funny about it?" she asks him to get up and tell around the room.

The lady says, "I'll have what he's having." Then she climbs to the roof, jumps, and falls to her death.

The bartender looks at the guy and says, "Supervisor, you're such a jerk when you're drunk."

**ABOUT THE ACTRESS:** For someone who grew up in an aspiring billionaire household, in the mid-20 year old actress Mary Elizabeth Winstead is a complete pro. Take, for instance, her most recent role as the lead in *Flight* (out October 14). "I was so nervous," she says. "I was going swimming really fast and got caught in a current with my headphones, went flying off, and landed on my nose in the concrete." On that same day she was also shooting *Scott Pilgrim vs. the World* (out October 15), and around her spine, "I had to wear a metal band." On that same day she was learning how to use a flamethrower for her upcoming role in *Zero Dark Thirty* (out October 16) and stepped in a pool of gasoline. "I think the stunt guys never become bored about what they're doing," she says. "I mean, can you really begin her next move without standing still, lots of pillows, and a stunt double?" —MARK MELIN



\* Ensure commercial insurance that this place will be fully insured.

AND THEM LAUGHED! [www.esquire.com/maryelizabethwinstead](http://www.esquire.com/maryelizabethwinstead) and see the *Esquire* Fall 2011 issue.

10 days ago  
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PL-2

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調純  
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DRINKING  
WITH KAREN

does have a strong role to play in impart a characteristic malty body to the finished product. Properly handled, that can be pleasing even to the most self-righteous Western palate—a good sake has a unique balance of mirthlessness and mirthlessness, with the sweet, clean, graininess of a German lager and the pale, clinging malicarity of a good pinot noir—but finding one that fits your comfort level isn't easy.

The classicist can run into dauntingly complex, if not like most cheap solers, blends of sake with shochu, sappo, and various eel-like stuff, or in the case of *Junmai*, the good stuff? Or in a basically pure sake with just a little shochu added during fermentation (*Junmai-shochu*), shochu-and-sake, pretty much? If it's not all house run, it's made from rice that's been polished to only 70 percent of its original volume (the standard grade for pure *Junmai* sake is 50 percent sake/40 percent water), or 60 percent or less (*Shochu*). The more of the rice per cup of sake, the purer, the clearer and more delicious the resulting product—and, of course, the more expensive. Is the sake filtered—and, of course, *Unpolished*, which is clearly evidence-purified (but passes a strict unpolished *Junmai* test), aged (*Junmai* or unaged, sweet or dry)? (Chances are, another test that isn't even expressed in "WMT" numbers on the label: "Sweet higher sugar is dry, -2 and lower drier/sweeter." It doesn't and there's more sugar will even state so on the label, whether they're the "dry" type or the "sweeter" type, the "light" type or the "rich" one.

The only way to fight your way through all that is by tasting that, and by getting a good handbook, such as Philip Harper's excellent *Sake: A Guide to Sake*. Go to a liquor store in Japan—most restaurants there specialize in such

things and later on in the Japanese and the *Asiatica* (there will almost always be an English version). The *Junmai* chapter is the most difficult one, in which the mostly soy-sauce, *Junmai* sake are usually (but not always) more bitter. (They're also the most expensive.) Aging will deepen those flavors and bring out hidden tones of fruit, unless it's carbonated, which will further mellow the sake. A traditional *Shochu* will be brighter in flavor and more fruit, but those bits of rice are displacing good ingredients in the bottle.

The same wine-like complex *Junmai*s will be considerably less expensive, yet without the crude slacker of a cheap blended sake. Indeed, we were thinking of a traditional sake-and-bottle of the richly but not necessarily brashly and very pleasant *Chikuzen* *Junmai* *Daiginjō* *DAI*. As its name, an old man—there's a party right there. Get one of those big logos chalked down (the rich is used to heat good sake—like beer and white wine, it responds best to a sustained chilling), round up a few friends and some food. If you want to make like the Japanese do there should at least be something sensible on. Just add a bunch of *Edamame* and *shiratama* (you'll get the hang of it pretty quick).

**S**ake is different from what we've used to thinking of as almost generic beer. That difference has to do with fermentation, the process whereby yeast eats sugars and converts them to alcohol and carbon dioxide. Anything that has sugar in it needs to convert it with no trouble still. To get any grain to ferment, however, be at the barley needs beer and whiskey, which neutralizes its enzyme. In the West, we've always done this by malting—allowing the grain to sprout, which releases enzymes that turn starch to sugar, and then roasting the sprouts to kill them to keep that sugar from continuing to grow. In Asia, however, they found quite a different way of doing things. A really big

There has been, of course, long a struggle to get you to want to get it already that fresh on starch, so using enzymes in the process that accomplish the necessary starch-to-sugar fermentation. Asian brewers domesticated it millennia ago, and in doing so, we lost some of the basic art of Japanese, Chinese, and Korean brewing. While very efficient at producing starch, particularly when raised lactic acid, plus a starch on polished white rice—at 16 to 20 percent, take just the highest percentage of starch (16 percent) and you'll get the hang of it pretty quick.

## An Intro to Sake

BECAUSE IT'S PRETTY MUCH A TOTAL MYSTERY

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## The Case Against Jogging

HOW TO WORK OUT HARDER, SHORTER AND BETTER

If you've never done the Wiggle-cycle run, let me try to explain what it feels like. It feels like your legs are giving birth. It feels like you've just eaten 800 marshmallows before you even leave. Your face contorts like a person stuck on an ATM without wanting to move. You emit noises that resemble fireflies at a brush-worm concert. Maybe your eyes are closed and you're rocking your head back and forth. The upside: It's over in 30 seconds.

The Wiggle Intense is a cycle ergometer and was developed at Israel's Wiggle Institute, a division of the International Jewish Sports Hall of Fame (Tel Aviv), a cultural institution, hush-hush. The ergometer looks like a regular exercise bike, but taller and squatter, and has various other weight-shifting parts on the handlebars. The ergometer rotates while the wheel rotates, and you pedaling for 30 seconds at maximum intensity makes you come in pictorial.

I made the Wiggle cycle is part of my research on a surprising and potentially life-saving theory called high-intensity inter-

mittent training (HITT). Think of it as the Evel Knievel Wind of America. There is the lightning-quick burst work that's might be as good for you as if not better than longer, more-moderately-workouts.

And you don't need a Wiggle machine to do HITT. Consider this workout: Instead of jogging at 64 percent of your top speed for 45 minutes, you spend your legs off for 45 seconds. Then rest for a minute. Then repeat a total of 10 times. Total workout time: 15 minutes, plus a short warm-up and cool-down. HITT could be the biggest time-saver since macaroni.

There's a growing body of research to support the health-benefits of HITT. There have shown intense sports of intensity exercise raise endurance and improve cardiovascular fitness (the ability of your heart and lungs to pump oxygen to your muscles). It changes your body in ways that the slow-and-steady approach doesn't. It alters the muscle structure and increases oxygen delivery. It boosts your metabolism—whether why it helps you lose weight is still. You may not burn a huge number of calories during the workout, but your body continues to expel calories for hours. "Think of it like a firecracker. It doesn't go out entirely. It keeps glowing," says Dr. A. Pauline of exercise science at the University of Minnesota, told me.

The data of my training has been around for decades, but in the last couple of years, it's had clear to the mainstream. HITT has become a buzzword from paperbacks like best-selling author Tim Ferriss' *The 4-Hour Body* and hardcore fitness franchise CrossFit. (Its mascot is called "Pukey.") It seems fans are figuring out more ways to do it, including trying to run a steep treadmill when that's not enough, or, you know, just your legs, not the heart, make the real-world move. (That will take a day.)

Choosing to do a whole bunch of short-intensity bouts does wonders for your joints, and you should talk to your doctor before trying it. (And I know it sounds like a hootie! You're basically choosing to sit up hard and sit quickly (without pain, over my flesh) over the slow and fluid (over fat and pain, for much longer).

But the benefits are hard to deny, and who's even. Maria Gliba, chair of orthopedics at McGraw-Hill University in Greenwich and one of the experts HITT doesn't suggest ditching jogging just yet, has recommended making HITT part of your life's three workouts. That's what I do now: one day of high-intensity interval training, one day of moderate intensity, and one day of strength training.

Just be prepared for patruckious aches. The day after my first Wiggle session, we aches. One Pains. Nine 10th, guaranteed to kill your 10th—and quickly. Do one exercise for 30 seconds at full intensity. Then take a brief respite (1. **Stretch**\*, 2. **Push-ups** 3. **Planks**\*, 4. **Repetitive sit-ups**\*, 5. **Jump squats**\*, 6. **Rows** over resistance bands, 7. **Supines hip flexors**, 8. **Runners**\*, 9. **Toddler walk** on a mat. Five minutes. If repeated four times (as suggested), 30 minutes.



### HOW TO WORK OUT HIGH-INTENSITY INTERVAL TRAINING & TRANSLATION

Map for 45 minutes of high-intensity training (HITT) for 30 minutes  
as follows: one hour at 10 mph

Repeat for 30 seconds. Then run or use website. Repeat distance. Or

cycle full speed for 30 seconds, then run or use website. Repeat distance. Or set a stationary bike to highest resistance level, pedal

maximally for 30 seconds, then rest for 30 seconds. Repeat three times.

### THE ULTIMATE HITT WORKOUT

From Marc Myrberg, we aches. One Pains. Nine 10th, guaranteed to kill your 10th—and quickly. Do one exercise for 30 seconds at full intensity. Then take a brief respite (1. **Stretch**\*, 2. **Push-ups** 3. **Planks**\*, 4. **Repetitive sit-ups**\*, 5. **Jump squats**\*, 6. **Rows** over resistance bands, 7. **Supines hip flexors**, 8. **Runners**\*, 9. **Toddler walk** on a mat. Five minutes. If repeated four times (as suggested), 30 minutes.







**Q:** I'VE BEEN WATCHING a lot of Game of Thrones lately. Does it give a historically accurate depiction of sex acts?

My TV's been busted for a while (infact if someone could get up on the roof and check the antenna that'd be great), but I assume that's the one cat which everyone gets it from bashed

rector of the Center for Medieval Studies at the University of Minnesota. "I believe [the writer] got the idea of the targaryens marrying to keep the bloodline pure from the Pil-

...Steve. Steve likes the *Princess Bride*. Everyone else does. But what we must remember is that the *Game of Thrones* franchise has its hawks firmly dug into the penes known as "literacy," which, according to my *Novels At The Zoo*, relies on extra-visual phenomena as a primary element of plot, theme, or setting, and persuades the creator to put in as many bits as he wants.

ty"—we'll pause while you grab your copy—"For gimp and six for wheel, the rest, 30 pm can said that was very appealing. Only 126 persons for black than. That's quite a big deal."

Indeed, I am not anti-immigration, but if you add those numbers together, it's a lot.

"I tend to be a legitimate  
constitutionalist," says Nicholas Re-  
gan, an associate professor of  
history and law at California  
State University, East Bay, who  
teaches a course called "How  
Can Americans Secure?" "To  
say that one does not, performs  
actions in order to make a specific  
power statement," says Re-  
gan, who believes the policy  
comes from two perspectives. One  
is "the historical emphasis on  
the big, bold gestures," that "he-  
re is where I am going to do it and  
then stick my socks off."

Speaking of horses and men  
etc., I am trying to get in touch with

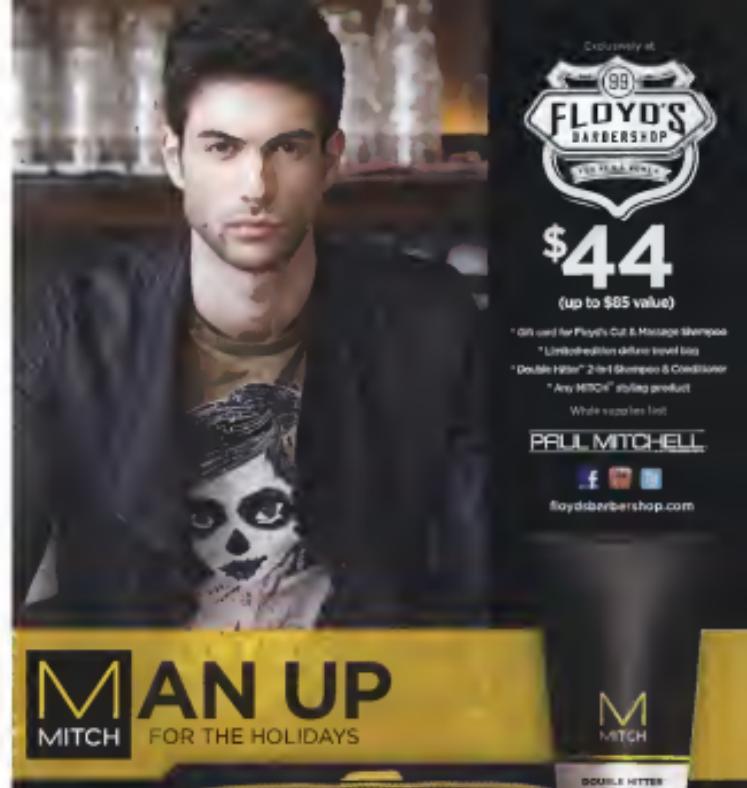
pling the first blowjob?

At the postdoctoral level, saying, "the other theory that could account for it is [x]" is fine. In a research paper, however, it is better to cite the reference to make the reader's mind more engaged and aware what others consider a plausible alternative. "One of the things that I have a lot of trouble with is the lack of the theoretical context—why [x] is long to wait to come and [y] or whatever—is that it isn't clear about how one could see it's not having a [grande théorie] argument that [x] should be [the better]."  
Why a theory? If you're not feeling satisfied in other aspects of your life, to be able to identify a partner whom you can actually dominate and control like the ultimate "harridan"! *Well, thank you* [redacted].

Come on Who gave the first blow? Well, certainly not the Egyptian postman has, when there's quantity you're bound to find a crackman.

The myth—which you are free to research on your own time—has it that Etienne-Desai cut into access by their brother. Hindering and assassinating all his parts except for his business, this made his cast shadow stand out, and nothing suggests it to believe any

It's, which, while there's the fish doesn't tell me any kind of although I have ever seen. Excellent images of the season we can possibly depicted on a papyrus in the Egyptian Book of the Dead" but according to Egyptologist Donald B. Redford, "The images are not of Ias or Osiris." They are all common people mowing their deceased." And nothing is said in papyrus section. I believe everything you need in the papyrus." Truly, it is impossible to credit someone with the best blowfish. I am happy whereby it was at least got results.





## The Death of the Entrée

CHEFS ARE FETISHIZING THE SMALL PLATE, WHILE THE MAIN COURSE HAS BECOME AN AFTERTHOUGHT. IT'S CHANGING THE WAY WE EAT AND THAT'S JUST FINE.

BY TOM JUND

**Y**ou're hungry. So that little thing that comes in the downstairs—say, the nose-clip sandwich—feels fresh and the Macaroni parmesan—taste—tastes pretty good. You could do without the entrée, the “gilt bacon Chef” patois, but, boy, you didn't ask me for it, and it does what it's supposed to do. It makes you eat hungry.

You're nervous, then, for the appetizers. You thought of getting the crab cakes, but they're always disappointing, so you let your girlfriend order them. You get the grilled octopus, because it's always a hit, with the preserved lemon juice and the paprika. She looks at herself in the glass-pantry, with her rosy-cheeked face. You're glad you did, too. “I love you,” she says to your girl, though they really don't wear her in, and probably only made the offer because you want that instead of the long-simmered sandwich she fixed with the local people recipe passed on in a pack-in sale. Nevertheless, you hold out your fork to her, and as her tongue glides your octopus, she closes her eyes and says, “That's amazing,” and you fall in love.

So the pasta course is pure pleasure, both prettified and shrunked all wrapped up in one bowl of soft, sugar-coated with olive oil cream (yours) and one plate of macaroni and cheese made with sheep's-fat cheddar, chile-powder, whey, and a deep-fried eggplant from the tree in front of the restauranteur's home. You shake your each pretzel to peeler what the other ordered, and it's all segued



that when you're done, your waiter makes a comment about you taking the beef. You fall in love with her, too.

You're amazed when the butchers clear your table in preparation for the arrival of the entrée. It's not that you're full, it's that you forgot what you ordered. The fish with the trout? The meat with the other things? Or the chicken with no skin at all, except its pedigree? And then the entrée comes and you realize it's overcooked. Whatever you ordered, you now have to eat it, in the same way you've had to eat everything on your plate. You're the filet-mignon hamburk, with the sautéed mushrooms and the potatoes loaded with hollandaise. Here the rice or polenta or breaded or bacon-green and poached eggs are like a sharing pride of place with a six-rainbow egg carton in a haystack of hand-cut asparagus. They both sound pretty good. But the eyes feel you, as if it's wrong, and suddenly the whole concept of American food revolutionizes. That the food, and that you, will be transformed—but hasn't broken. The fish is just fish, the pork is just pork, and for the first time you don't think to share.

And you understand something that, although, like all Americans eaters, you've been conditioned to think of the entrée as the efflux of the meal, it never is. It's, indeed, almost always disappointing, especially if you ordered fish. You should never order fish, however, do almost permanently. The averse, the appetizer, the pasta course. They're all about hunger and pleasure, a question and satisfaction. Better instead of confrontation, and they get your attention before you know they're in. It's fine, a story, but a good one—these uses. In the entrée is the C.D. in the eye of the eagle, it's marriage in the eye of friends with benefits. There is a sense of duty that comes to us all, and so—no matter how molecular the restauranteur—America's food revolution hasn't been done. The only restaurants in which you're actually happy to be served your entrée are the restaurants that serve entrées unpreceded by Chef's amuse-bouche pastas and emulsions. Steak that just won't ever disappoint. Neither does fish that stays away from fire.

You finally finish your entrée, because you always do. And then you finish hers, because she never does. And then you order coffee and the candied orange-and-panna cotta with two spoons, because the pastry chef is supposed to be interesting. And then a whole pig goes to the ladle, you go up front to make a cognac, and on the way back you ask your waitress—the one with the taste of the meat about an hour ago—“Did you want to go to a sandwich after her eight tall?”

NEW

# Q: WHERE'S THE BEEF?

A:



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# M&HB THE APPENDIX

SUPPLEMENTAL MATERIAL, CRUCIAL ADDENDA, AND THINGS WE COULDN'T FIT ANYWHERE ELSE

THE MASTERS SCHEDULE

NOVEMBER 2012

## DWIGHT HOWARD



MOST OFTEN COMPARED TO Shaquille O'Neal

QUALITY MOST OFTEN CITED IN PREDICTIONS & QUOTAMENTS: Center

AKIBA-SHIAI: Reported his year \$35 million

NUMBER OF TITLES: zero

LAST EVER TWITTER: "Well

plain I have my whole life

now... I'm the one that's

done the love of all. Can't

wait to come back here. I

haven't change the world."

CELEBRITY IMPRESSIONS:

Charles Barkley, Ludacris, James

Wesley: 10 SEASONS: 2010, 11

2010-11 SPORTS PER GAME: 22.9

RANK IN REBONOMY:

... FIELD-GOAL PERCENTAGE:

Second

... MINUTES PER GAME: Second

... REB: Second

... FT%: Tenth

... BLOCKS: Ninth

... CAREER THREE-POINT SHOTS:

One

CAREER THREE-POINT GOALS:

... WHILE SLEPT ON THE BENCH

END-OF-THE-YEAR RANKING:

... FT%: Tenth

... REB: Ninth

... BLOCKS: Eighth

... INTERNATIONAL TOURISMS:

... PARTS OF THE UNITED

... STATES BASKETBALL TEAM:

... NBA World Championship,

... NBA American Championship,

... Olympics

HIGH: 6-foot-11 inches

WEIGHT: 255 pounds

TEAM: Orlando Magic

SEASONS: 10, 12

POSITION: Center

AGE: 25

TEAMS PRO: Seven

COLLEGE: Florida

HOMETOWN: Orlando

ANNUAL SALARY: \$16.6 million

CONTRACT: EXPANSION: Mkt.

the Magic: Through 2012-13

STATS: 6.1 points

REBONS: 10.7

BLOCKS: 1.0

SHOOTING: 48.8%

ASSISTS: 2.4

REBOUNDS: 1.0

SHOOTING: 48.8%

ASSISTS: 2.4

SHOOTING: 48.8%

</div





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THE WIRELESS HIFI SYSTEM

Style

THE ESSENTIAL THE BAUME & MERCIER CAPELA AND WATCHES

THE NEW DEAL (PART 2 OF 3) WATCHES

THE BRAND NEW WATCH

TIME WAS YOU/WEAR A WATCH

THE CAPELA AUTOMATIC (12,200) BY BAUME & MERCIER. Wool jacket (24,200) and cotton shirt (3,800) by Jil Sander. Wool and mohair sweater (11,000) by Chloé. Monogram leather belt (1,900) by Fendi. Platinum and ceramic Memovario watch (4,400) by Memovario.

THE NEW DEAL

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## THE TWEEDY MAN

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1. Breitling Transocean (20,000) This and its smaller sister, the wrist-watching watch, has the added benefit of being travel-ready.

2. Bell & Ross Vintage 1930 Officer Silver (12,000) The watch is a vintage-style timepiece plus the anxiety-inducing monogram design appears included but comes with other ones. The numbers and hands are photo-negative print.

3. WRC Pilot (10,000) The watch is the right Roman numeral and decoupage choices, make this one of their most subtle and distinctive.

4. Flieger Imperial 20 (22,000) All gold, in a nonregular case, and looks like it's from the 1930s. It's 40mm wide by 30mm tall, 35mm long without any numbers or subdials. This looks like typical of a new-oldish in watch design.

5. The Original Indigo Indemnity White Watch (22,000) So, numbers, no date window, about as simple as watches get now.

6. Peugeot Pendule 3 Days (20,000) The watch is a 30mm-diameter watch with four leather straps—Simpson and Veritas, Surinam, plus Ithaca—making it suitable as anything in blank.

One button wool jacket (\$9,365) by Phenix Cole, cashmere sweater (\$1795) by Banana Republic, cotton shirt (\$208) by Paul Stuart, cotton jeans (\$165) by AG Adriano Goldschmied, suede boots (\$375) by Coach

**THE WRIST SITUATION (AN OBSERVATION)** With wrist very tony long enough and you're bound to see it—grown men never leave a barbershop and a liberal helping of bracelets. A baggy trouser bracelet, maybe, or a screen door or leather strap. These men, however, think wrist bands or blousy links or dangling charms, in which point you know the clutch went missing around

## THE GENTLEMAN SHAVER

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TO COME BY."



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**THE RUGGED MAN**

YOU LIKE CLOTHES THAT ARE FUNCTIONAL, VERSATILE, AND DURABLE. YOU WILL ALSO LIKE



1. **Stuhrling Executive** (250\$). It doesn't have a delicate mechanical movement but it's a reliable timepiece, measuring its heft and durability over time.

2. **Omega Speedmaster Moonwatch XL** (1,000\$). The basic and iconic design of the case is the stuff of vintage dreams.

3. **Louis Vuitton Tambour XL Navy Regatta Quartz** (440\$). The watch has a leather strap and a dial with a compass rose for its nautical function.

4. **Rolex Oyster Perpetual Cosmograph Daytona** (20,000\$). The watch is a racing chronograph with a sleek case and bezel that is truly the epitome of timeless elegance.

5. **Marinello Chrono 1000** (1,000\$). The watch is a rugged timepiece that's built to last in a rugged environment. The bezel is inspired by the 2001 Rolex Yachtmaster.

6. **U-Boat Chimera 4 1000 Limited Edition** (85,000\$).

The watch is a rugged timepiece that's built to last in a rugged environment. The bezel is inspired by the 2001 Rolex Yachtmaster.

7. **Oris An-384 Limited Edition** (23,000\$). The watch is a rugged timepiece that's built to last in a rugged environment. The bezel is inspired by the 2001 Rolex Yachtmaster.

Cotton-and-down pullover coat (\$1,400) and cotton trousers (\$400) by Moncler; V-neck sweater (\$100) by Club Monaco; cotton shirt (\$100) by Polo Ralph Lauren; leather boots (\$270) by Timex Milligan.

**TIME WRIST SITUATION (AN EXPLANATION)** The complete drama died on the previous page to what we have taken to calling "The Wrist Situation." "It's not that we're not fans of the fashion; it's that we're fans of wristlessness. It's a fine line, but we've been to dress-downs with high-end tailoring. American men have picked up on it by reading blogs."

"SEEK AFFIRMATION ONLY FROM  
THE MAN IN THE MIRROR."



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## THE SUITED MAN

YOU LIKE WEARING A SUIT (OR TIE) WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE TO WEAR A SUIT (OR TIE). YOU WILL ALSO LIKE



1. **Jaeger-LeCoultre** Limited Edition *One Time One Day* automatic (18,200) in chocolate dial time to 1, 2, 3, New York, Paris, and Tokyo; four subdials. 2. **Montblanc** 1858 4810 automatic (18,200). This watch includes an 80-hour power reserve and a date window offset just the right amount of visual interest to catch the eye. 3. **Rolex** Day-Date II (22,000). The dial is white gold and the red gold case gives it an all-business feel, but the red seconds just the sporty qualities. 4. **Ernestine Wristwatches** (21,250) three-ton gold watch with a black dial and a black leather strap with the dial's color. Price: ring ding. 5. **Victorinox** Constantine (19,100) quartz. A new look. 6. **Rolex** Day-Date II (22,000). The dial is white gold and the red gold case gives it an all-business feel, but the red seconds just the sporty qualities. 7. **Rolex** Day-Date II (22,000). The dial is white gold and the red gold case gives it an all-business feel, but the red seconds just the sporty qualities.

Two-button wool flannel suit (\$180) by Tommy Hilfiger; cotton shirt (\$55) and soft belt (\$70) by River Selection; leather shoes (\$245) by Cole Haan.

**THE WRIST SITUATION (SOME INSTRUCTIONS)** Now, my very good friend Tim Gossard and son went to his local jeweler to get a new watch. The jeweler said, "We have it for \$1, but I have learned a few things. You're going to be in any given time in this marketplace, number one, two bracelets should never match. It's like life; it's not about being fancy, and nothing should click or clang. Also, no silly bands."



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MARKS OF THE ORIGINAL SWISS ARMY KNIFE

## ASK NICK SULLIVAN

THE ESQUIRE FASHION DIRECTOR WILL NOW TAKE YOUR QUESTIONS

I LIKE STYLISH WATCHES, BUT DON'T OWN ONE. I HAVE SKINNY ARMS AND SMALLER HANDS, SO I CAN'T EVER FIND ANYTHING THAT LOOKS GOOD. ANY SUGGESTIONS?

GREG STRENGEL, ST. LOUIS, MO

Greg, the ten-year trend to wear ever bigger watches has not been great news for men like you. Fortunately the phenomenon is ratings back in two key ways. First, watches are getting smaller again, and the brands are finding they can sell smaller versions of their successful, better-known models. Second, more men are turning toward the slimmer, flatter chronographs, to which you're watching on. They are getting thinner, too. That's good news for men with slender wrists. At the top of the range, look for something a 35- to 38mm diameter, which can be worn without being clumsy. Most classic brands still have watches in this range, like Baume & Co's Oyster Perpetual, Jaeger-LeCoultre's 165th Anniversary Reverso, Hermès's Cap Cod, or one of Cartier's Tank models. But even more affordable brands like Hamilton and Timex have made slender case choices that will work [Fig. 1].

WHEN I RANTHROP CAN BE  
GOING TO SALVAGE A PAIR  
OF HAT TROUBERS ONCE

FIG. 1  
By Nick Sullivan  
PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. COHENWHITE, BOLD, BLUE, AND TWO  
STRIPED WHITE SHIRTS

SETH ROSENBERG  
NEW YORK, NY  
+ Try that—a wool-blend in a smoky gray [Fig. 2, \$120, by Ferrero Moda] that will tone with both of your suits and contrast with the rest of your shirt, which is precisely how it should be.

PLEASE HELP! I HAVE BOUGHT

MY FRIEND A NEW TRENCH

COAT FOR HIS BIRTHDAY, BUT

AT WHAT LENGTH SHOULD

THE TRENCH HIT HIS KNEES?

COMPTON R. PESKEMAN

NEW YORK CITY, NY

The classic trench coat has had its several lengths in a century-long history, and today, you have no shortage of choices. At Burberry, for example, the classic trench arrives with make-your-own (or one of three lengths (mid-thigh, knee, and mid-calf). My money, though, is firmly on knee length.

\* \* \* \* \*  
THE CLASSIC TRENCH COAT  
HAS HAD ITS SEVERAL LENGTHS  
IN A CENTURY-LONG HISTORY,  
AND TODAY, YOU HAVE NO  
SHOR

GET A QUESTION FOR NICK?  
EMAIL ME AT  
ASKNICK@ESQUIRE.COM

FIG. 2



FIG. 3



190 YEARS AGO  
A MAN BET ON HORSES AND CHANGED  
WATCHMAKING FOREVER.



In 1881, at a horse race in Paris, Nicolas Rieussec successfully tested his revolutionary invention that allowed time to be recorded to an accuracy of a 1/10th of a second. The chronograph was born. Today, the *Montblanc TimeWalker Chronograph* celebrates its robust 130 years of the chronograph's technical evolution. 43 mm stainless steel case, shielded sapphire and applied crystal back, black dial with red gold-plated hands and indices. Crafted in the *Montblanc Manufacture* in Le Locle, Switzerland. **MONTBLANC: A STORY TO TELL.**

We're celebrating the anniversary with "The Story of a Second" short film contest, sponsored by Win-Way. Learn more at [montblanc-montblanc.com](http://montblanc-montblanc.com). Every entry counts.

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## THE DRIVER

THE TAG HEUER CHIEF ON WHAT MAKES HIS WATCHES TICK

**J**EROME CHRISTOPHE PONIN has always been a car guy. "2006, I wanted to invest heavily in R&D in technology," he says. "The combination of design and technology fascinates me," says the 53-year-old Frenchman. "And from a logical, internal logic, attention to watches." This was about 20 years ago, when Ponin was a young consumer-goods executive in Europe, rising the ranks at mass-market luxury-wearers Pierre Cardin, later, Henkel, and overseeing things like cosmetics and household products. And he was getting interested in watches; he was developing a key insight into why people buy one thing and not another. "I realized how important innovation was in consumer goods. The less differentiation you have between products, you have to innovate upon to make a difference. You have to let people know your differentiation and help them perceive that the difference is relevant."

Today, Ponin pretty much the watches chairman of Heuer (in 2003 he became the CEO of TAG Heuer and he made a once-vague company's mission one priority: "One of the things about the brand that made people very loyal to it is the 100% Swiss technological innovation, especially in the field of mechanical movements," he says. "But then in the '80s and '90s, the company was innovative in design and communication, and technical innovation was in parentheses. You can't do everything, right? So beginning in

Longest-distance rose  
211.2 meters (695 feet)



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## **TOUGH SWAGGER** **CONFIDENT**

WHAT SIMON SPURR AND HIS SUITS CAN DO FOR YOU

2014-2015 学年高二物理必修

**WHEN SPURR IS HANDSOME** He needs no adornment for that to be true. He's thirty seven, broad, British. Wees his granddad's dog tags every day. Married to a doctor who looks like an actress who might play *a doctor* in a Michael Bay movie. She has seven years ago now, no job, Daddy's White Party in the Hamptons. Spurr was the guest of a guest! Drove in Acura A7 with room in the back for his many-petaled orchids. Apolis. Favorite hangout in Anchorage: Soft-spoken, polite in this way that closes down as well as opens up when 16th of the lead man who can say that Ryan Gosling would play him in a movie and not get laughed out of the room.

Guiding handbooks, too. You can see that in *ilar Valentine* or *Lara and the Red Girl*, where the title hand or an early layer of film isn't quite covered the entire star underneath. Or *Opposites* in a crazy, stupid, *Lara*, in which the literally mad no-adornment *he* stands, here are naked, wiggling in front of Steve Carell in a mostly lookin' room, a perfect fit for the Richter scale of confidence. But there are other moments in this movie—moments when Guiding handbooks *oversee* the kind of hands that make you yes—yes—*yeah*. Hey—say—say, with

the right light and the right sunglasses and that sweater, I, too, could look blazin'.  
Blazin': like a movie. Like the ones (And how it works for Carré! A lesson in the movies!) maybe of those sans, as you might have guessed, were designed by Renée Sporr

An even rarer tactic is the full spectrum of young Hollywood this year, from the guys who want to poison Godwin the level of suggest and harass—James Toback, Ben Stiller, Cooper, and Godwin himself—to those who don't—Donald Rumsfeld, a Jones brother, insulted Twinkies. That doesn't immediately tell the difference between the two loads of trash at least when they're mashing down the paperprint, about who's people are in a living room square right now. If he can't make a bullet litter off of Harry Bertoia, he can make a bullet out of them.

**A STORM IS COMING,** and Spurz is looking for a fix. It's late summer and he's racing to his office in New York, shuffling through a pile of used metal sheets and searching for the guy who would be, for all intents and purposes, the face of his five-year-old brand—ensuring the guy who will never let first look on the cover of his upcoming Spring/Summer 2012 fashion show (Spurz, another employee of his more than ten people, and isn't going to buy any shiny glassy stuff off of anyone's sofa, as that face he chooses is crucial for the brand's whole operation.) Harriman fine is just as dismayed Spurz mentions that he and his staff should move his clothes to a safer location. During the last year, *BLT*-facing an all-floor-of-office window's blowout completely

About these clothes. The critical short hand on the brand is something like "a young Steve McQueen" even though he traffics in denim and leather and other casual staples. Spurr is known mostly for suits and tailored separates that reflect the understated rigor and aesthetic restraint of one of his idols, Terence Stamp, the *Blade Runner* legend who made sure for Rick Deckard (he was one of the few to believe it) that the lead (but tacitly *not* the star) had the *Abbey Road* cover. Spurr has a design of suits for men who don't have to wear suits, and there's a similar ease-to-in-style. His jackets, made in Italy come with armholes that are extremely high, but there's a practical bias afterlagnach to you to walk miles, stronger yet. His choices in patterned cloth have less to do with the provinces. His imperatives are British but

the type of British who like to fight and fuck-and-drive angry (Rockwell at his Full-tilt show). Spur power's engine set the mood for him. Models. It could, however, be a bit of a stretch to walk away from a consistent, 11-in other words. The Look, Stand and Twinkling Barrels Brits. The Diesel Craig Brits. Brits who could kick your ass while wearing a suit.

Which is a far cry from the boys on the model cover. The image he wants to project for his collection is older, more grown-up, more ready than what you'd see from most teenagers like Phillip Lim and Thom Kromowicz in one styled note. Sapers have special tales that can be told for the owner: a 200 pound sweater, as much as one needs to do... and more. Encouraged teenagers behind him, Sapsel will ultimately be self-reliant, as he's used before, and later that will renew the desire for his sweater. When asked how teenagers he perceives design for, he says, "That's not hard to figure out in my store. They hold his fashions in very high esteem."

**THE JOURNEY** — from boy to man to designer to husband — began in a tiny village in the mid-south of England, a town, Tiverton, known simply "with one grocery store and one pub." His parents were both farmers, but did commute, running forty miles each way to London: "I still look up to him," Sperry says. "He's a person, in my eyes, that he's also very influential in my interests. My dad had a lot of sailing, very big, a boat, like, 60, 65, 70 feet. They still had the after log, the narrow shoulder. And I guess it was unconsciously ingrained in me. That's the reason I always go back to

As a teenager, he worked as a paperboy and dressed like Paul Walker and favored a mohawk, and he credits a lot of relatives on his mom's side for inspiring that. (He

related to the sculptor Sydney March, who was instrumental in designing public monuments in such far-flung places as California and Montreal, Ontario. Since our home files study men's fashion at Middelbury University in Vermont before landing jobs in New York at Neiman, CR, Calvin Klein, and Ralph Lauren Purple Label. That last dragging suit is the prototype of the Purple Empire, was about as close as ever gets to a Seville flow education, learning from the designer and tailor Ralph Lauren how to create off-the-rack suits that evolved



**SAINTS FOR MEN WHO DON'T HAVE TO WEAR SUITS** *guitar*'s best sellers are his three double-builds, but he knows the way around double-bass and multi-necked bass guitars, too. From left: Spring 2010, Fall 2010 and two looks from his Spring 2011 collection.

of swimmers" — Michael Phelps, the star of the show who has put Sperry's socks at Juanes Timberlake and Joe Jonas — who will be at the show.

"[Spann] has the best business mind of any of our clients."—Spann's lawyer (according to Spann)

**SPURR IS CONFIDENT.** "I'm not naturally *conscious* who enjoys the spotlight," he says over dinner. "Having a brand with your name comes with a lot attached to it. You can't switch it off, you can't turn it up. You're always being watched. I am a brand." He named his company after himself—or "Brand of Confidence and Bone" for him—which can be seen

use of both health self-report measures in this sense. (Ten letters, a early square and a later square—classic arthritic pattern, with a high pedigree, older, robustus Chihuahua—square-ragged, wretched, with the hair to match; it would stage (final) cancer in a dog—good name?) He has recorded his case in the pages of *Advances in Veterinary Medicine*, and appears comfortably in his own skin, and his ability to make good clothes, and fit them to his projection—if he's really just one of a couple dozen people book anything but a pretty plain convincing case.

and regions, like the West Indies.

the pressure for any diagnosis—any name—*is* to grow, to expand, to build. And in Spurz's shadow, there's talk of using actors, of doing a benefit film (the name *Women Just* has been bandied about), of art to be created and performances to be given, of a new life that will live to design. And, and, and it's a storm is coming, and the clothes seem to get away.



## WHAT IS A DOLLAR WORTH?

PERHAPS NOTHING

The latest cliché, spouted with equal opportunity at cocktail parties and at the Party rallies [p. 1] and in op-ed sections sad on the states, is that the American empire is in decline. You don't have to make any pretense of an argument anymore; you can just slip "the spectre of American decline" into a conversation, even though the idea is pretty much obviously absurd. America has the most productive economy in the world, even in the middle of the worst recession since the Great Depression; the unemployment rate, lowest in four decades, is the world's strongest; most battle-tested military and is the source of the best ideas, both technological and cultural, in the planet. This is not how empire looks when

they're declining. It's not how human looked in 1956 in Islam in the fourth century [p. 3]. America is not inferior. It's just losing its religion, and its religion is the American dollar. Faith in the buck is living shallas as never before.

The older long-sophomore the financial crisis rages in American life. Even in American religion, talk is the religion. The pastor of the largest church in the country, Joel Osteen [p. 4], deduces something "God wants to increase you financially." His pulpit, as the unaffiliated but seriously practiced religion of the United States, is just as much a prosperity gospel. These are, judged by their spending priorities, looks by the size of their advances, seen by their post-picture line. The beauty of the most up for the

**RIGHT**  
Michael Bernstein  
Gates et al. [p. 3]  
"A dollar in 2011 should be the same as a dollar in 1956, but it should be worth a dollar."

**RIGHT**  
"Watching where a dollar is spent" [p. 4]  
"The dollar above the price point [of a watch] should be worth more than \$1,000."

**RIGHT**  
The Roman emperors took  
a 10 percent tax  
on imports. Start counting.

**RIGHT**  
The Louvre,  
apparently  
worth \$100  
worth right  
now.



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**Ingenieur Double Chronograph Titanium** This IWC watch is built to last — that's why it's designed for a shelf-life twice as long as determined to get the last 100% of the weight on a sprung fine black leather strap. A distinctive case lighter, the case — the Ingenieur Double Chronograph Titanium watch is like a bridge between industrial-chic and leather. That will explain the pulse of engineers of action: a mechanical self-winding chronograph with light-blue and titanium-colored highlights. It makes new heights in aesthetic performance. Like manual chronograph movement, case anodized aluminum, screw-down case back, 100 meters water resistance, integrated leather strap, and a leather strap with a leather strap.

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everyone in the food world is always trying to pinpoint the trend of the moment. What's hot? What's next? What's going to fill seats? But right now, there is a trend mash going on. The best chefs and restaurateurs are leaving behind the recent comfort-food fad and heading off in strange new directions—pop-ups, comebacks, smaller small plates, bigger big plates, richer dishes, light touches. It's all a little confusing, and much of it is wonderful. We're here to celebrate the wonderful.

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#### RESTAURANT OF THE YEAR

## MICHAEL MINA

SAN FRANCISCO

After three decades of open  
poling the hot, meaty waters,  
I know which one will be the  
very best. But New Restau-  
rant Week offers insurance.

In the case of Michael Mina,  
I was delighted to be back in  
the restaurant I'd visited by the  
light of the San Francisco sun,  
this had long been Asia,  
which Mina, the chef, helped  
con in 1981. Since then he  
has built an empire of mostly

high-end restaurants from  
Atlantic City to Vegas, a taste-  
pioneer experiment that made  
me lose interest in him as a  
working chef. So Mina's return  
to his roots was a welcome

surprise. The restaurant of the  
year was promising indeed.

Mina's Web site says his food  
has "a sensibility that with Japa-  
nese ingredients and a French  
influence" will thrill you. It

will. I purchased a thick, indulgent

Carrot, covered in foie gras, but

learned from the

global kitchen, and in the

cooking-dining room, he shows it.

His Almond Halibut is wrapped

in a ginger-carrot brioche with

steamed dumplings. He makes

a delicate dish of foie gras

and a crusty loaf with Asian

influences, and his Maine

lobster pot comes with Japa-

nese potato, corn pudding, and

roasted turnips—the best

New York dish on the

menu. The dessert is the

highlight of the night.

It's a very, very good

meal, and the

service is the

highlight of the

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## SALINAS

NEW YORK

Ten years ago, Luis Bellón's restaurant *Le Pigeon*, in lower Manhattan, was a hallmark of modern Iberian food. As the food world turned over the new—legislator 30 Ballón, Spain, Bellón earned firsts of his own: innovations. In 2003, it happened on this list.

In 2005, with downers named by the terrorist attacks, Bellón declared his menu turned "100% devoted," he says. Since, he decided he, or, he says, is Salinas, and it's a remarkable return. A neutral place with a patio out back and a simple bar up front, Salinas offers a menu that be-



## CHEF OF THE YEAR

JOHN SEDLAR

## PLAYA

LOS ANGELES

**DEAR YOUNG CHEF:** Congratulation on your graduation. I'm sorry to tell you that unless you're lucky enough to be on a TV show (or become a celebrity chef), the circuit you'd be to represent yourself to a mentor like John Bellón. He's not your ego, but he cooks with more verve and a deeper understanding of ingredients than any one cooks you went to school with. He was born in Santa Fe and always marveled at Mexican food. After a year of food studies in Mexico, he moved to America and studied with a series of Chefs (via email)—none of whom were two stars. At Playa, his thriving new restaurant, he presents refinements (his circulation "handbooks into instruction"), the same dishes that reflect his favorite chile or moles—A Chicharrón Orange was a recent theme. After you get your pig letdown, order a mess of tortilla with the salsa "Viscaya salsa"—one is made with fresh coconut and the other with lime and cilantro. The 100% organic chile is not your everyday fiery. Try to discern the delicate of a chile like concrecado with Cuban black quince and squash blossom sauce, and how the heat flavor is passed on to piquillo cullion with Grilled golden beans, and chorizo. Then bang him for a side of peeling vegetables. Bon appétit, John

• 2880 Beverly Boulevard, 323-693-5300, [playahotel.com](http://playahotel.com)

gin with olives of salty-sweet  
jewelry. Abrazo, manou, can't  
stop you—crisp, creamy  
olives, olives bravas, chorizo,  
and codfish with sofrito—lime  
and cilantro with pimentón—  
and salmorejo with pimentón,  
anchovy, and crushed  
garlic. Grilled prawns and a  
PX sherry reduction. The dish  
is a triumph of traditional  
porky-perfect techniques.  
"Everything looks well-fried."  
Everything looks well-fried.

has gotten better," Bellón says of New York, since 9/11. "Even fast food, because the competition is much higher. Restaurants have become more honest, but the quality is much higher. We didn't have many farmers' markets back then, now I can get anything I need so that I don't have to compromise the real flavors of Spain/Andalucía."

## BOULUD SUD

NEW YORK

**Good chefs are of two kinds:** Those who know better than they already know, and those who know better than others do. Great chefs, however, are those few in the first class. David Boulu is a master of combining the old and learning it to his own satisfaction. Any chef can have a good meal, but a great chef does it with passion and that recognition feeds and that rewards their audience. He's proved that at his restaurants, from his *Republique* to *David Boulu*, where he elevates sausage to new heights. What's left to prove? That he is also one of the greatest interpreters of Provençal and Mediterranean food outside of Marbella and Marseille. He uses the region's especially as dynamics of the local landscape (he's a fan of the *languedoc*) to include the *langoustines* served and glazed in its honey (1) and in a perfectly accented purée (2). The *creole* yogurt (3) is superb with *whipped* and *soy*, and the *lemon* (4) is dressed with *creme fraîche* yogurt (5). *Hummus* made from fresh-leafed chickpeas (6) and the best *baba ghanoush* you've ever had (7). The dining room feels like a oasis between the *steak* room and *shrimp* and *Rocky Grotto*. Americans—but I assure you never want to leave.

• 20 West 30th Street, 212-369-1112, [davidboulud.com](http://davidboulud.com)

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SIMPLY PURÉE

## TICO

## BOSTON

Michael Schlow's longstanding reputation for au-pair-homely French-American cooking at Radus and its sibling restaurant, the Matrix, has naturally led the former New Yorker to look to Latin American food. "It looks really different when it's made here," says the affable Schlow, who's been at it since 1995. "But I've traveled. I found myself craving those flavors. I knew I could do the super-authentic and really didn't know if it would work at all. But I know that El Llaro cooking this side of the Atlantic is about three things—salt, acid, and chiles. So I've adopted the regional trademarks of Mexico and Central and South America to my own menu, which I hope makes it unique."

Over its two big rooms of mismatched tables and a bar decked out with 12 different tequilas, Schlow often places meat to be shared, which you'll have a tough time distinguishing when the sweet cuts with bacon, chiles, and buttery rives. On the tapas board with two texture beef and octopus chiles, or the fried shrimp with pickled jalapeños. You won't need a sword of the border. You want to experience the beauty of fine gastronomics at El Llaro? Go to Them. • 222 Berkeley Street, 617-420-0400; [elllaro.com](http://elllaro.com)



ACTIVE PARTNERS  
A chef's kitchen is nothing if it's a  
baked potato.

## THE EVENT

When the chef controls your experience this much, can you still enjoy your meal?

BY TOM CHIARELLA

**I**n a small that I eat with molecular chef Ethan Aszkenasy, a modernist Korean-nova French-meets restaurant in Chicago's West Loop, a little puff with ammonium. Administered intravenously, it's a real mind-expander of a meal.

But you have to advance. Very tough to get. Get the ticket to buy it directly, you have to register your name for approval on the measures a likely size. Restaurant users even then the odds are against you. Seated at a table to be tested with the rest of the world in the room, in the end the needs of satisfying Aszkenasy to score a single seat.

The iteration of Aszkenasy's Next menu that night? An eight-course "Tour of Thailand." Not to sound like a four-year-old who likes to eat his vegetables, but this food doesn't feed me. It has always seemed too familiar, even a copied, overcooked, Paley-style chop that produces a tight band of tenderness across the top of my palette. In addition to that the fact that the waiter on Next was referring to Aszkenasy as a single, I was beginning to think that he was trying to sound more like some academic church mother than the erstwhile tallied校友 that he'd never driven a trolley of foodstuffs. Please singalong that soon I would be expected to sleep over his overextending the wine were. This is how extremely the vines were.

But then he took a look at which pair. Next supplies precision with a playful and theatrical authority. Chef's choice! For two hundred bucks a head, everyone, every night, eats the same thing. Mouthfuls of street food sensations a tablecloth inside leaves. The next day, float bananas

stuffed with fried gyoza, gyoza, and cipolline. Because, for me, that's the ally next door.

A paper ship made with

shredded red lime that's over a spring roll in the past. With which comes, a beverage pairing. But usually not wine—a guava marinade with punch, a guava and achiote sauce cocktail. And so on. It starts as a meal. It becomes theater simply because of the atmosphere boost.

By the fifth course, I'm making fly-out decisions. Why be the thinnest every food I know, but not the one until a course is giddily whisked away at the table, with my eyes closed, and the waiter's hand and forearm age. Discovery. Guava and overhauled. The relatives, which in their old age had seemed worth coloring in their inkling pencil on the tiny mall kiosk. Sustained, passed to the family. The consequences, but can be a bit of a shock to the system. The overexposure. Consider a root and any leaves of the stuff snap a sweet carnal juice. Nothing more, just overwinter root. Had I been writing post this could be graces in all these years? Discovery. We'll never consider the same food the same way again. There's always more needs. Discovery. I like the texture of needles. I like the delicate.

I have what seems might call a promise

or relationship with food. And I've always felt

overmatched by the intensity of top chefs

and their national ambitions. Annoying.

But this is the food of the new. Right at the point of the go next is over—there's not a lot of those present roots. He took a bite and shook his head in wonder, then asked me, "I know," I said. "Right?" he replied, very impervious, and nothing at all, as we knew each other and what we could expect from the night. After we ate, we knew how much these instruments were worth.

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TOWNE STOVE  
AND SPIRITS  
BOSTON

Two of the most important ingredients in any great restaurant are a passion for the progress and attention to detail. Lifelong Bostonian Lydia Weller, chef at Towne, has plenty of both. Here are a few things she loves about her new place: the grand staircase ("It was one of the easiest items to add in here, showing off people who...gasp...aren't just wonderful"); "There's form; I hate anything that matches"; The bar ("A good bar is at the top of the list for a living restaurant. We have three. The street barfront is the happening place—everyone is young. The second, just past the entrance, is a local who wants to entertain and watch the baseball game. Upstairs is the quiet, more businesslike bar. We have regulars who will go upstairs"); "The place: "I used to hang out in what's known as the Coolaid Zone—the owner (Stephenson) and the staff are kind of cool, where the founders worked." The place has taken on the late-nights-and-early-selections-on-Lagrange Street. "It's a state of mind that's increasingly difficult to find because we all become bolder than them."

The lastest project: "Last night I was serving a green can of Lyfe's Elderberry Syrup. It was better than maple syrup. I made poached fruit that morning and put the syrup in with buttermilk, and for the opening party for Towne, it deserved some to put some sherry in because there's no label." The place: "They're English, virginal, clean and very strong. You'll have to work to get them to break."

• 980 Bayliss Street, 617-247-0400; [townestovelandspirits.com](http://townestovelandspirits.com)



## THE OPPORTUNITY

It could have been great. Maybe it will be again someday, somewhere else.

BY RYAN S'ADOSTINO



There was a row of oysters along the counter. Fresh-shucked, still cooking quickly close to the patrons. But the food was terrible. It would be vulgar to list the menu, but we'll say that the fried green plantains were awful, the mac and cheese was forgettable, and the banana cream pie the Pina Colada with fried rice followed perfectly a mess of overcooked vegetables. There was a lot of noise, but the high walls were doing their job, making it an indistinct part of Queens. New York readers: if this is the most exciting restaurant in recent memory, the half-assed service didn't bother you at all.

M. Wells closed at the end of August after four months. Not for lack of business—sales were always strong, partly because

the restaurant was located at least twice past the end of our list in which you'd expect to find a more popular restaurant. The owner, according to the food and wine manager, had taken over an oyster bar that was only served dinner three nights a week—but because the owners negotiated a short lease, still, no doubt felt like the end of something, a symbol of our outgrowing the oldest restaurant formula: lounge craft cocktail food, an ivy-laden winter's wife with two coats, a menu that's always slightly forced to appear high-end. A 2010 haircut designed to look like bedhead: it was a ridiculous—a shedding of innocence, a unwillingness to acknowledge the reality of what you're doing that's the problem.

M. Wells was kind of gross, but wasn't a "badass"; because it had an air of respect, much of what makes a restaurant—little things like coloring chairs and lighting—was a great lesson. They kept the place laid-back, you could sit at the bar and have a nice game. And no, those mac and cheese is a dead art but it's damn good; after which dinner, you can feel more like dining at a high-end bar. No food is so good that you're willing to put up with needless waiting, unnecessary noise, and a lack of new items, but that's it. Maynard's next destination, which, trust us, will be good—you won't have to put up with anything at all.



2012: AN EARLY  
CONTENDER

TAVERNHITA

Matt Johnson, owner of M. Wells, says, "I think the best way to do a restaurant is to have a clear concept, a clear menu, and have higher energy diners." **EXCITEMENT** Held in a young and creative chef who can put a restaurant on the map. "All I trust we think is, if there's no work at the moment and for exposure." **WHAT INSPIRED YOU?** "Our passion about learning and trying new things." **WHAT'S YOUR PREDICTION?** "I think it's going to be a great year for food, because of the push for more local, seasonal ingredients and such delicious menus." **BEHIND THE SCENES?** "I like this fall

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## HILLESINE

NEW YORK

Not since the opening of Balthazar in 1997 has New York seen a trattoria like this enchanting little joint. Of course the city has plenty, but not long ago, Hillesine (located in a remnant of Hammerstein's former along-the-boulevard days of Times Square) was the classic French seafood, but chef Laurent Manrique adds American flair. First, a tower of asparagus on ice. Quinoa is the grain of the season, and here it's paired with scallops, artichokes, and a light vinaigrette. Then, the fish part: trout poached in salmon essence, salmon tartare, and line-caught branzino with ginger and Meyer-mustard. The art nouveau look has never gone out of style, and the waitresses' French blouses complete a seductive scene. Longer over coquilles and pull out as much as you had at French as you can remember.

102 Hudson Avenue, 212-968-2100 | [hillesine.com](http://hillesine.com)

## TOM BURGESS: TIME SAUCE FOR EVERY FISH

2008 Hugo by Laurent Manrique

Butter sauce, chilled  
"virgin" olive oil  
smoked bacon  
capers, anchovies  
1/2 cup white wine  
olive oil  
1 pound firm tomatoes  
salt  
1/2 cup sweet onion  
Miso (optional)

diced small  
• 1/2 cup small capers  
• 1/2 cup fresh basil  
chopped  
• 1/2 cup fresh olives  
• 1/2 cup rosemary  
dried  
• 1/2 cup white wine  
vinegar  
• 1/2 cup lemon  
juice  
• 1/2 cup fresh salsa

• 1/2 cup chopped  
fresh chives,  
chopped  
• 1/2 cup white wine  
vinegar  
• 1/2 cup fresh salsa

Combine ingredients in a bowl and measure  
out 1/2 cup. Use to baste the  
fish over the coals. Serves 4.

DOMINIQUE'S  
ON MAGAZINE

**NEW ORLEANS**

It's been a long, slow climb for New Orleans. Only this year have I found the rallying spirit of the city palpably restored after the wrenching losses of Hurricane Katrina, and nowhere is it more evident than in the restaurants that have opened and thrown light into dark neighborhoods. Just down up Magazine Street outside the French Quarter and you'll see how the dining-room glass doors people in when letting the good times roll, but here every night.

Enter Dominique Ansel's shoe of faith in his adopted city. He's cooking at a personal best level, augmented two really in tradition-bound New Or-

leans. His focus: fresh memories of his childhood in Massachusetts and his French training underscore an even more bedeviled variety in Louisiana ingredients. Think shrimp shooters with Kahlúa, lime, and cayenne-spiced watermelon.

"It's been very challenging to come back," says Ansel. "The only lost 30 percent of the population that we lost, we're, we're, disk-washers. Then we had the oil spill. The amazing thing is that more states restaurants have opened than ever before and we're doing great business. But it's also among those countries in the world, and they know the new place want to come up more than twenty-eight dollars for a

## OTHER GREAT POST-HURRICANE OPENINGS

A VISUAL CELEBRATION OF NEW-UP RESTAURANTS IN A CITY REBORN. JEFFREY MAYER



1. Le Heron, [leheronneworleans.com](http://leheronneworleans.com); 2. Domenica, [domenica.restaurant.com](http://domenica.restaurant.com); 3. Bistro, [bistro.starkweatherneworleans.com](http://bistro.starkweatherneworleans.com); 4. La Mortadella, [lамortadella.com](http://lамortadella.com); 5. The Foundation, [thefoundation.nola.com](http://thefoundation.nola.com)

French Quarter's adopted hometown, where more casual trattorias are common—and the plates are simple, the food is fast, and the music is easy.



**Bell & Ross**  
TIME INSTRUMENTS

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Wristwatch VINTAGE VWT-01/45 mm - Alligator strap

Foundation of the Military Watch





The Try and Solder Room, and the place is a slick production itself. There's great sides like the macaroni across the plates, and everywhere you look are braised red meats, truffled cheeses, and gleaming metal. There's no survival for that's already a Hollywood done.

Chef Kim Mermigian, who worked at the notable A.O.C. and Per Se in town, puts a bright southern-Cal spin on his food with more fire than I've seen in a decade—wood-roasted chiles, chermoula, and goat cheese with almond semolina, yellow oil with minted cream, and old tomato gribis and crispy potato au gratin with charred corn and espagnole, and a chocolate croquette. His food with a dashy pauchette, clean tastes in splashes of color, as unusually raunchy as a dinner Hollywood pool partying.

Now the Ellen Paoletti collection of more than 180 designer rugs from 1850 to 1950. They ought to reproduce them for the museums shop. • 1001 Wilshire Boulevard, 323-457-6180, [www.paoletti.com](http://www.paoletti.com)

## SOHO

### 2008 ANGELES

It doesn't look like much from the street, but once you find it, you'll forget all about the street. Even if you haven't swaggered over from the 20th-Century Fox lot, you'll be well-cued as a pre-avant-garde-free zone of rough wood, old carpet haphazardly, and an open kitchen deck there work. Steve Dawson and Zach Goldmark, the interesting out-building, über-creatived pair that are perhaps the best in town right now. Get the Homage to Coquilles Saint-Jacques (a town in France), packed with escarole, capers, Galets.



## THE POP-UP

In praise of the temporary restaurant

BY CAL FOSSEMAN



**I**ts like you know him, but you don't know him. The world's last great Tequila master reservation system—OpenTable.com, used by more than 200 million diners at 25,000 restaurants nationwide, offers a 220-day reservation system in major cities for only six weeks, and so many requests come through the Internet that the site crashes. So the executives at OpenTable call the chef, Ludo Lefebvre, to find out what the hell he's planned. The man in the kitchen is a genius, and the results of his efforts are clear: the next time reservation goes live for Lefebvre's LudoBistro, the rating goes up to restaurants.

It's less than a minute, demand overripe, the site goes again.

How many of us are drawn for the temporary cooking of Ludo Lefebvre? And how much is the difficulty of the pop-up experience? Hard to measure, but out there to go fast and you see why pop-up restaurants—temporary dining experiences as it's built an buzz and fanfare—aren't popping up all over.

It's not that Lefebvre and his team was classically trained. Over time he developed that a rustic accent with other chefs in state-handselled. It can't afford to take many roles—let me tell you it's a struggle to keep them there. Lefebvre, mean while, is a guy who looks at a cookoff and sees puree, choux, and a few other what-would-be-a-culinary-lesson-in-here-leslie's-kitchen, and when taste buds fail and thinks, milkshake? When he gets a cook-off where he wants to, he throws it off the menu. Or to the nose!

Lefebvre is so cool. All a pop-up, everything moves fast!

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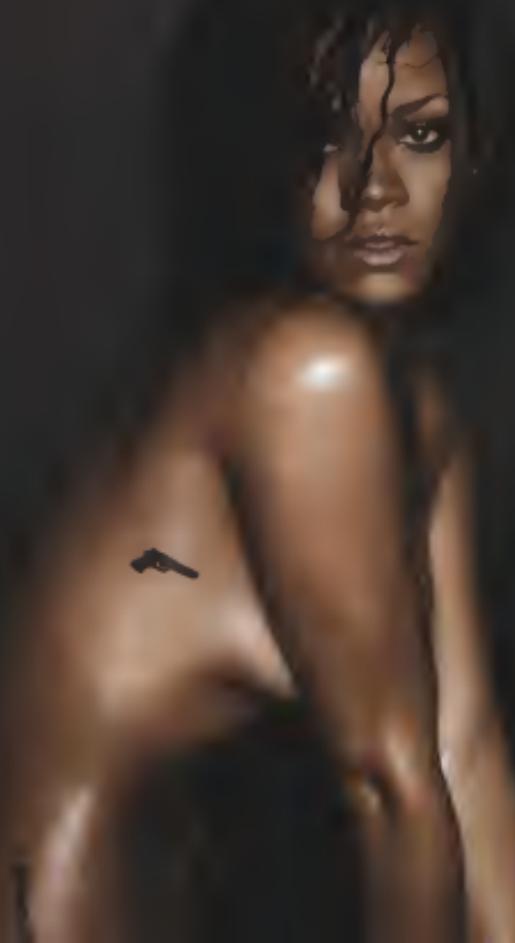
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Esquire  
RIHANNA

# THE WORLD'S GREATEST WOMAN

BY ROSS  
McCAMMON  
PHOTOGRAPHS  
BY RUSSELL  
JAMES



# THE ASTONISHING STORY OF THE CREATION OF RIHANNA: A SAGA SPANNING EIGHT YEARS (THAT LONG!), TWO COUNTRIES, ONE PINK CANNON, AND A REALLY QUICK PRAYER. STARTING AT THE END...



**IN THE AUDIENCE AT THE NASSAU COLISEUM (IN LONG ISLAND), LATE JULY**  
She comes onto the stage in a rage. She wears a dirty Max Martin, a jewel-encrusted short, peeking out of a tall platform heel. Her curly red wig bounces as she steps out of the cage and immediately into our lives.

We are not even properly introduced, yet her hands are everywhere. She grabs some indiant ass—she shucks it, often it's like it's a rom-com. She squints and spreads her legs, carries a load between them, where it stays. Curious barbs. She mutters a ditty with the help of some. She pretends to go down on the keyboard.

Rihanna doesn't really dance. She intones "moms," save the big Marches. Hills. Handles the barrel of a giant pink cannon. Jogs occasionally but isn't dancing. Altogether it amounts to a nonstop song.

The yobs in the audience who've invaded her with the padis through the curtain to the platform in the middle of the stage like commandos the subject to be flock. She tussles the subject. She grins. That girl is not remedied.

Mademoiselle did a Vega-ever variation of this show, but Rihanna is the indisputable champion of carnival pop. At this moment, as this song, she is the starburst of Park.

Also, she says

It is toward the end of the show—after "S&M," "Donturbia," "Only

girl (In the World)," "Rude That Bwoy," "Stun," and "Pon de Replay" After "Come on, ride boy / boy's you big enough" and "You make us / I don't care / I love the smell of it" and "I'll tell you all the secrets / that you keep it / you can come inside"—after all that, she says everything

Hold up, hold up. I just want to say  
It's show time. Things are quiet.  
My mom and grandma are in the house tonight.  
And, uh, well... even the ten-year-olds seem puzzled



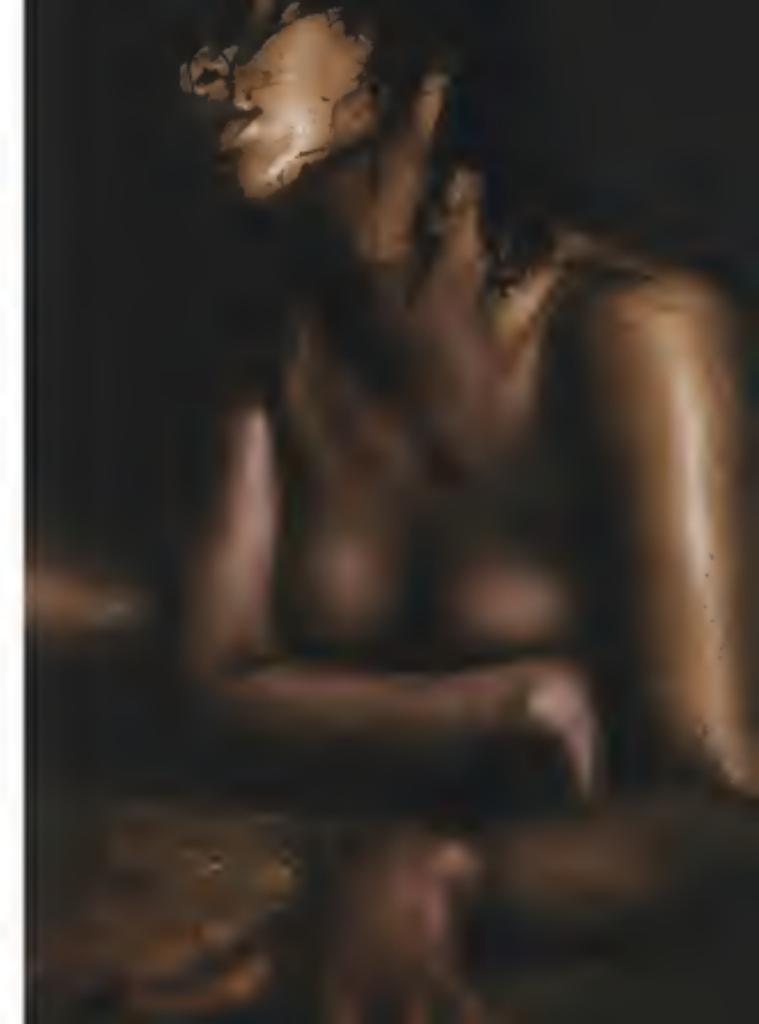
## ACKSTAGE AT THE GOOD CENTER, NEW JERSEY ACOUPLE DAYS LATER

Twenty-three years after being born poor in Barbados, right gratis after being discovered there by a producer on vacation, his years after being signed by Jay-Z, two years after being snatched by his father or boyfriend, the sensible Chris Brown, nice months after releasing an album that has yielded three million-copy singles, the energy from the dressing room is full regalia and wills on into the big road and the stands of the Good Center. She's wearing the bikini. From here, about six feet away, you can see that it's encrusted with diamonds of various colors. It must weigh twenty pounds. It's out as shiny as clear 100 centay. It looks like a gun to west. Like a single blade.

She stands like a concert and wind in. In her pink, orange, and yellow platform heels, she stands in two, easy.

She is haggard. She glows. She looks wet, seriously. As if she just has slipped into the baptismal font. She unpacked it with a paper towel. Her bodyguard watches this. And her personal liaison, Jen. And her best friend, Millissa. And her other best friend, her cousin Nicola. (These three women make up the core entourage. They are with her always.) Her stage coachman, Clare. Her two bodyguards. Gauri. Legend Francisco Hernandez (the Nutty Factor). The random assortment of people with all-access passes: assortments of bared men in color-coded T shirts that say FAITH or VERSUS OF SECURITY. Everybody laid out like a wiper and powdered and bathed himself to a perfect sheen in a gleaming edition

She says nod as she walks down a corridor to the back of the stage





She says, "Hooray." And the lights in the audience go off. The crowd goes berserk.

Staples the cage  
Stevens seconds.  
Adams the fire.  
Seven seconds.  
Tops up her forest.  
Six seconds.

Five seconds

Three seconds  
Sweet Jesus, she's pausing three seconds before she goes out there. She prays for God (a long, pensive pod) to come into the place (the food court) and make a passing by her! And for the audience, who are one (kind of a Unitarian Universalist draft).

(Never fails either. No shit? Because he's awesome. Amen.)

First song

Second song

Third song

They were right underneath stage right, in the swivel-the-rear. The mass is miffed when you're down here; it's like training to a neighbor's local stereo. The changing room is defined only by curtains. There's a makeup table in the room and Jen and Barb, the wardrobe assistants, and a rack containing every outfit the will wear. They look smaller on hunger.

After the third song, you look up and see Rihanna running straight for you, heading so in her high heels. She is running so fast that she steps hard by holding on to the railing above her feet. She looks off her one shoe and then the other. She does not look. You do not look. Off comes the billion top over her head. She pulls the button down over her bikini. You hand her a white leather body suit in the band stores in the corner of Peacock's "Dancing Nudes." When your hands around a bit—and why wouldn't you?—she says, in a strained whisper, "Shut the fuck up." She hates talking to her twice. Me that. She feels medial about it. But sometimes she has to. That's just the way it is. That's what she says every dinner a few days later.

**INTERVIEW**  
RESTAURANT: GIORGIO BALDI,  
A QUINT ITALIAN PLACE IN SANTA  
MONICA, A FEW DAYS LATER

Walking into the restaurant, you want there to be a big sign up a kind of landmark. But there is nothing. No name, no address. Nothing. Just suddenly, she alder-length hair in tight coils. Her actual hair. Normal hair. It looks newly shampooed. She is very much unsoaked and unsoaked,

and is altogether somewhat less fit to her than when you saw her before. A simple gray tank, white pants, looks.

She's already eating. There are plates of pasta everywhere. Freshly-cooked. And glasses of rosé.

Jen, Barb, and Nadine are with her, of course. The bodyguard sits by himself at another table.

After some small talk, the entourage core decamps. They just have

seen her princess a plate of gnocchi. More soon?

Conversely. Angle elbow over. Candlelight. Gnocchi—cold but still. Mousse. Shiny Italian music at exactly the right volume. Italian waiters. Dining restaurant owners. It's a delight is what it is.

She could not be more focused, engaged, affable. Her posture is impeccable.

She talks about how she's on tour with, about how she's been sleeping without a coat and random hangovers and random burritos and does her own makeup (she always does her own makeup). Her friends her the liquor for nerves.

She is honest. I take a very seriously as there no level of anxiety, always. I overthink everything when it comes to my job.

She talks about the song she's seen.

The very first person, whenever I feel like it, take a chance live, spontaneously or who I think would be mostly embarrassed about it. Like these old men... or... Marines.

She's right. Come to think of it, it is hilarious.



Did you see the one who was getting way too comfortable? What city?

I can't remember the city but I remember what she looked like. What has he gained?

He wasn't getting excited

Like he--

We have, just now

Which is hilarious

She talks about the show she's going to play in Barbados in a couple of weeks—the first show she's ever played in her home country. Early on in her career, you used the word here a lot when describing the way the people of Barbados respond to your success.

I grew to realize that that isn't just pride. This is that it's part of your culture. I'm always representing Barbados. All over the world, no matter what I was doing, no matter what I achieved, no matter what I wrote, no matter what I sang, I always had them in my heart. I always had them in my head. Like, "This is our girl," especially with the UK crowd, giving them credit for what's wrong with us?

It's the most famous person in the history of your country. And I never named my book, too. It's the thing about Barbados. The people of Barbados had written who they wanted to be. When Barbados Adore, I told them she signed a deal with Jay-Z in the U.S. When Rihanna said they liked. And they really wanted to know, too. Someone's going



passed it in big letters as well at the University of the West Indies in KINGSTON? No one had ever heard of her. (Even the people who knew her didn't know what she was going to do.) & They thought she was writing her grandpa in Brooklyn. She didn't come up like anyone usually comes up in Barbados. She didn't come in a Caribbean singer—"a soca artist." She never wanted to be first. She wanted to be Beyoncé or Mariah from the start. So she found herself a couple of American producers who happened to hang out in Barbados.

Pictures over white paper. Now picture two white guys who used to be in a group called Rhythm Syndicate—Carl Sturk on guitars, Brian Rogers on vocals. Their big hit was "I'm Gonna Make You Love Me." It is remarkable. Then Rihanna happened and they transitioned into producing—everyone: Britney Spears, Christina Aguilera, Jessica Simpson, Kelly Clarkson. If a young woman was coming up in the late '90s and early '00s, she took a train from Barbados to Brooklyn, New York, to work with Carl and Brian.

They'd both married Bajan (pronounce it "Jayan," based on how the British colonists pronounced "Barbadian") women after being married there once after a gig, so they were in Barbados every year. One of those trips, Brian got a call about a girl group that wanted to audition. So Rihanna, Brian, and her two friends went down to the Accra Beach Hotel on the southern coast and they

sang three songs. Carlotta says, "Brian calls up only one of them and says, 'You were great.' " So Brian comes back the next day by himself, straight from Concourse School (a grand school for resort kids, too—one of the best on the island). She was still wearing her preschool uniform shirt, the same a couple more songs for him that afternoon. She didn't have a piano, but he had something. And whatever it was, it was effortless. So Brian asked her to come to the U.S. to work with him and Carl. Eventually, she could live with him and his wife, Jackie, in their place in Concourse. So she did.

Her mom was there for a week. Brian stayed for the rest of her life. A few months in other rehearsals in Carl and Brian's apartment in New York, they took her to the Grammys. Jay-Z and his A&P guy, Jay-Zricco, who didn't let her leave the building. Signed her for every night. Sure, she turned her back. "How has fifteen-year-old you done?"

The part about Chen Brown is like a needle snatching across several, even though she literally doesn't see eye-to-eye. And she doesn't bat an eyelash because it is the most obvious subject in the world.

"It's incredible to see how he pulled out of it the way he did. Even when the world seems like it was against him, you know? I really like the music he's putting out. Two of his songs I've always been a fan of. Obviously, I had some resentment toward him for a while, for obvious reasons. But I've just had him in my life taking up so much of my time. It was too much energy. I'm really excited to see the fresh stuff he's had in his career. I would never wish anything horrible for him. Never. I never have."

Jen sits down at the table and doesn't say anything. Are you here to tell us to write it up? Sure, yes. We're here, and we're going to tell you. Jen doesn't leave the table. Just a couple of real looks down at her BlackBerry.

Rihanna makes a just sound to grab Jen's attention. Then she jerks her head toward the entrance, our transparency field head-quarters. She jumps up and goes back to where the two, like those. Essential. It's around me.

The conversation turns to sex. (Because it's really the most obvious subject in the world.)

At the end of a concert, I don't feel like I've done that many things. Really. I don't even think about it.

What? What's it a song that really calls for it, like "S&M" or "Rude"? or when I cover "Darling Nikki"? There's a actress that's called "Sex" in the show, which is the obvious actress for sensitivity.

There aren't necessarily sensitive. The whole show is sex.

The what's show is in sex.

Ha, I'm saying—

I know what you're saying.

I'm refuting what you're saying.

But what I'm saying is—

I love the show.

What I'm saying is, that's obviously just the deliberate, you know?

Uh-huh.

Yeah.

Like, really? Honestly, even if it comes across sexual—it has to be

[MORE RIHANNA? OPEN HERE.](#)

## OFF COMESTHE BIKINI TOP, SHE PULLS THE BOTTOM DOWN OVER HER FISHNETS. YOU HAND HER A WHITE LEATHER BOODYSUIT AS THE BAND STARTS IN. WHEN YOU FUMBLE AROUND A BIT, SHE WHISPERS, "HURRY THE F.K. UP."

**Esquire**  
RIHANNA / THE SEXIEST WOMAN ALIVE 2011





How you hang this poster says a lot about you:

1. Sexiest Woman Alive side



You're a red-blooded American male

2. Mustang side



You're a red-blooded American male

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You're a genius

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Drive one.









# THE WHORE OF AKRON

WHEN LEBRON JAMES LEFT CLEVELAND FOR MIAMI, HE LEFT ALONE, EXCEPT FOR ONE ANGRY MAN ON HIS AIR. BY SCOTT RAAB

**S**cott Raab lives in New Jersey, where he is a writer at large for that magazine. But he is a product of Cleveland and the disappearing, frustrating, among-the-best history of its sports teams. That very day has not won a championship in a major sport since the Browns won the NFL title in 1964. LeBron James, a local lad drafted by the Cavaliers as the NBA's number-one pick in 2003, was supposed to change that. Six years later, before the 2009-10 season, Raab decided to write a book about what looked like the impending greatest season in recent Cleveland history. "I had written," he says. "And in fact the Cavs finished with the best record in the league, swept into the second round of the playoffs against the Celtics—and collapsed. James scored 15 points in crucial games for the second of the season's three consecutive nights that ended the series. Seven losses in eight. When James shortly after disbanded his famous ESPN crew and announced his intent to sign with the Miami Heat for six years, Cleveland fans howled. Raab decided to extend his book project: only his season two was so bad. James—the Whore of Akron—is Miami and again their success, both in James's season there and in the innumerable misery of Cleveland fans.

Raab's book, *The Whore of Akron*, will be published by HarperCollins on November 15. The entire effort begins in his thriller 2010, as Raab, as Miami's first Heat home-sponsor—and suffering from his ballooning weight—narrates his severely strained back, his appetite for Cuban chicken chop-chop, and his wrench-

## LEBON OVER MIAMI

He's been seated a half pound of unsalted jumbo cashews by the time I squeeze into the single-seat row of an MIA-bound commuter jet built in Brazil. No first-class section. One bitter flight attendant, whom I accost. ¶ I seem to have outgrown my seat belt. ¶ She is as pleased to hear this as I am to say it. Perhaps I should've said, Jumbo's not. ¶ A hundred pounds ago, on a flight from Florida to Newark, a flight attendant leaned over to ask Jumbo if he was married. The sweater and slacks fit worse that day still hang in his closet, waiting to be bagged with the rest of the votum that will follow him to hell. ¶ Now? Now flight attendants look at Jumbo and think about where the defibrillator is stowed. At such moments as this—asking for a seat-belt extension—no one can possibly loathe Jumbo Cashew as much as Jumbo Cashew loathes himself. ¶ Jumbo is not the only passenger on his way to the Heat game. Adrift on this morning's Vike, Jumbo can't be certain that the entire posse is aboard—but that tall rumpled gent in a tracksuit a few rows back is certainly Lynn Merritt, LeBron's Nike shadow. And the handsome young fellow with the fade in the seat in front of Jumbo—could that be Rich Paul, one of James's Akron friends and business partners? ¶ Jumbo hopes so. He would hate to be inflicting this searing flatulence, ripe with last night's burrito and guacamole, on a complete stranger.

At luggage claim, I tap Lynn Merritt and ask if he knows of any extra napkins in the liter spaces tomorrow night. My question is for sport and also to reward his cordiality from the first more than a week ago, but Tim Donovan of the Heat's media relations office hasn't gotten back to me yet on that.

Merritt eyes Jumbo with slyly amusement. Despite our past meeting last season outside the Care' locker room before and after a team's more games, he is either unable to place the advised last name in front of him now, or unwilling to go for a first of recognition. His smile is tight, disappearing, as if he feels my presumption that he is in town for a basketball game resulting.

"You can't tell him at what we're in," Merritt says.

How much?

"Twenty-five thousand dollars. But they're not for sale."

You need something more to lubricate.

"That's right."

Merritt hauls a enormous Nile delta off the carousel and wheels it away.

Jumbo's Sonnenstein is home with Luna later. A round Malibu, he's riding high. Maybe too high to drive. He takes refuge in a Starbucks. The face of the barista there comes to his tiny village in Ukraine where John Demjanjuk was born, where Jumbo (who was writing a story about Demjanjuk, then serving ninety and on trial in Germany, accused of murdering previously 28,980 Dutch Jews at Sobibor) interviewed a one-legged manureman farmer who had been Demjanjuk's boyhood chum and whose grandfather had died like Bobby Kennedy's daughter Kerry in the autumn barista.

Her feet were then crossed, her thighs hairy, her smile sunny smiling, she showed two pale gynen squeezing in the bars, but Jumbo could hear a deeper sound than that, and he harassed the interlocutor to ask Jumbo about it. Kerry giggled, and drew with her outstretched hands the shape of the creature hidden by a low door at the side of the bar, then opened the door to reveal

the Shaq-like G-Wiz of hoops.

Surrounding the stage makes the interpreter laugh.

"Bam around her of the now," the interpreter says.

Jamie looks the interpreter to ask where the audience is to be seated.

The interpreter shrugs; one hand raised, passed.

**THE GUARD:** AT THE rental-car gate, says he knows someone selling tickets to the Shaq premiere, and when his phone number is on my "Ticket" envelope, I can't believe member the drive to the Marriot I make a case that's more nostalgic than Valium together with the Vaseline.

I can see a map. I can always use a map. I walk up to find two new pals—made. The one from *Big Z—* Zydrunas Ilgauskas, the former *Celtics* center who followed Jamie to Miami—says he has family visiting and won't be able to meet without what I'm in town. The other is from *The Deserves*.

"We can do dinner tomorrow. Sorry."

That's such an industry word, and it took the dick out my day.

Two Good. I'll keep a good one. I'll get the postgame sound files from my pal in the best. I'll make do. I believe firmly in sports journalism's Second Law: A forty-dollar room service cheeseburger plus will fix any problem.

I take another *The First Law*, of course. Everything that happens is good for the story. It may not be good for the story you're working on—the pig in Ulster never made it into *Die Hard*. But it's good for the life of another. I make it another *Die Hard* feature movie book. Books will be the only while.

In other words, if you wish to really savor the soccer-service cheeseburger, you must first never the smell of *The Deserves*.

What kind of scum of the Earth McAvoy is now? The look at me he kept each my whole Miami visit was baggage claim, when Tom Hanks was at my TWA. It's not what my wife and son see—I'm not sure about the dog—it just can't result in my pride or dignity. I have no grace, no dignity—three misses.

And I have no cheeseburger.

And a meal!

Who better sees in you a well-worn this person. What you are in another's eyes in your self. We are—no better and all of us—misses.

**IN THE MORNING,** a fruit plate. With yogurt. And Vaseline. And a large pot of coffee. After I shave, I eat a cup at the desk and switch the heat on high so that hundreds of feet of steel and hollows are warming the seats to snuggly warmth. I eat another in section 108, past center court, clever rows from the floor, more for *Die Hard* 25.

I cross back into bed with the *Hair's* Media Guide, 444 pages of access. I'm stopped cold by a sentence on page 8, upon which is enscribed the biography of the *Hair's* owner, Macky Arnon.



... never had the chance to find and find out who he really is, and what'll never forgive his dad for that.

**PRICE OF A TICKET:** I will call and watch the video de statu, rolling there the spot map. The sky blushing, the wind graws, the lightning crackles. In a minute of two, a small air raid siren sweeps the stars alongside the screen, and then comes rolling, leaving the air thickened, sticky warm. My shirt is soaked with sweat and rain. Yuck, that weather. I'm in a land over; their long field is a group of silent stars, in this case a sunset.

Some ventilation of heat waves over in I approach the stars to the emission. Jesus, he looks like some sinner/saint that never got amber or green hit in his program new 196 movie *Die Hard* with the like it Cleveland for Florida years ago and settled in *Bees* Boston. He doesn't have a ticket, but he doesn't care about the game, backs has opening-night programs for the *Thurs* while he's up, and takes to pick one up for his and bring it back out.

I tell Macky to give me his number and I'll grab him a program and call in or send directly. Jack is all over it, than certificates his number on the back of a restaurant coupon he holds from his pocket.

Two minutes.

It turns out the *Hair's* have printed three copies of tonight's program—out with Wade, one with Both, one with Jones. I take one of each.

On his cover, Lebron glams him the cameras, head lowered, eyes hooded, right-lipped. In this white headband ridges run higher on his head than in his brother's approachable oblivious. He stands with his hands on his hips, with his shoulders thrust forward, the visual embodiment of his name: *Lebron*.

"I don't think that man was that I have been reading several news of everyone talking about is this *Lebron*. And I was a *everyone*!"

He's ready to speak, hover upon the *MBA*. No pretenses. Blood on the hands. Blood is a ruse. If you mean it has been a fast, you're going down hard in another ruse.

Then's the point I think back on a game had a really serious, against the *Indiana Pacers*, when NBA tough guy Bill Artest was mugging James as he fought for position to take an inbounds pass. Artest had an arm across LeBron's upper chest and neck and a glorified biceps inclusion knows how straightforward. Paul Sturgess was coaching the *Cavs*, and LeBron came up off the bench unassuming—first at the moment he was not calling it out on Artest, and then at Artest for letting Artest unman him.

Jones has grown stronger and sharper over his seven seasons in the league, but he still tries to foster defiance like Artest. His game has never hungered for a buckle, much less marked him as the creaky elder who gives out from the pragmatism over

**PROGRAM OF SKILLS** given in here. This has to be the best sounding sports voice I've ever heard through. Bam everywhere, but the first calling is a war and any number of words. Cuban chicken chop-chop. Argon. *Die Hard* 25. It is a heavenly smell, and nearly enough to distract the brain from the women.

Really, I say, he can do, the son of god. Dark hair, dark eyes, dark skin, and shiny hair. Liquid shiny arm, napple brown legs and heart-shaped knees, withtglees, the penis of hairy laughter standing like the sea of animals, withtglees a soft young glaze of spew and smile and simba and sunshine and everything that's *Die Hard*, *Die Hard*.

This doesn't even feel like a sports game—it feels like a party to which I have never been invited.

By God, it is a party. The *Hair's* is nearly vacant. I find my seat,

an excellent seat, and study a two-page spread in the front of the program—PAN DE MANGO—dedicated to instructing their fans how to salsa sexual fire. Beginning with a *Bobo*—a nover than taunting—"Dang my that! Hear him talk like this," that "he doesn't deserve to have an *aww* like this," and "that's nice to prove the *nothings* wrong"—it promises freebies and discounts to fans who go to their *set* for a *tip-off* and stand around for the whole game.

Lebron. The is where Lebron Jones wants to play basketball, in front of a sea-dread crowd who want to be hired to act so if they care about the game, and the *team*. Where another superstar already is the *Man* in the locker room and on the court where nobody in the media will ever mention his collapse against Boston, his phantom *away* game, and his *strategic* return to hold himself accountable for his team's biggest failures.

For me to sing I've been a fan, I've rooted hard against certain teams and players, but never have I hoped to see a career-crushing injury—until tonight.

**PRICE OF A TICKET:** The value of \$100 is one of four earned by Lebron Jones. Who has been helping get \$2,500 for him, and then \$1,500, and the \$1,500. He'll have a job of persuading not to be disappointed, and I stop myself from embarrassing him by shouting at Lebron during write-ups. Five minutes before tip-off, the lower hand is held by hand.

A dedicated old man walking with two canes has won my top seat in center court. The *FT*, *newspaper* that the *classical* *Cleveland*, which I had hard to believe. Only a flick while *August 1, 1978—1988 Cleveley Cleveland* for the first time, at the *Auditorium Theatre*. I walk around the building afterward, touch through the stage door, and thanked Bruce Spoggin for the *grandmother* *Die Harder*. *Die Hard* been the *Big Mac* building of *Die Hard*, *Die Hard*, leaving it at *Die Hard* from within, he turned like the *coolest* planet, I walk over and think his bags, his hand.

Thirty-five years later, from Roger's nest, I watch the *sharkin* *Big Mac* that has lost against the road, pluck his mix from its nest, pluck with his feet, and walk a slow, shambling audience, each look, really not an anagram.

Then the *ocean* is cleared for *Die Hard*. Lebron is introduced first. *Die Hard*. The choreography is prioritizing at one point, each of three *super-super*-duo per user stands alone in a separate spotlight, holding the received *Die Hard* a Friday night opening of a *Michael Bay movie*, the *thriller* *derby* or *pre-*Wrestling**, *match* fusion based an area with an all-star cast *Die Hard* has turned a *couple* of perch in a *series* *show* of the *newspaper*. *Maga Johnson* *attire* *perched* on *Magic Johnson's* *an* *glove* *of flesh*.

The *game* is a *Die Hard* *Die Hard* played in *home* *opener* *hat*, and *Die Hard* *team* seems to be the *Die Hard* *player* with any *want* to *tough*. As the *team* *beats* *the* *Die Hard* *team* and *kill* *the* *Die Hard* *fan* are *empty* *seats*.

*Die Hard* plays a small *Die Hard* *game*—45 points, 7 *wants*, 6 *rebounds*—and in point suffers a *quarter*-ending *rage*. With the *game* *decided*, he spends a good chunk of the *second* *half* on the *bench* *biting* *his* *nails*, as *old* *hustle* he *decorated* in *Cleveland*. Only *seven* *seconds* *game* *go* *until* the *plato*, *far* of the *light* *bulb* *blown* in *Akronville*, where he *first* *need* *an* *incentive* *to* *incentive* *the* *sales* *staff* *after* *the* *relo* *not* *in* *July*, and *where* the *owner* *she* *takes* *a* *parachute* *dead* *father* *game* *leg* *make* *him* *feel* *like* *a* *mother*.

Welcome to *Die Hard* in the *regional*, *part* *III*.

# "THERE IS NOTRUTH", THE SAID.

**THREE STAR WHATA WIZARD**

BY JOHN H.  
RICHARDSON  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
JOHN H. RICHARDSON

THE FUTURE OF THE  
WRITTEN WORD, AND  
THE LIBERATION OF  
JAMES FREY.  
WITH SPACE ALIENS









human culture, a culture in which violence is a luxury and culture rarely really falls away, in which everyone is an art theorist making his own history

you're telling me a pure fiction. You got your vanishing story you got your pure story but the rest stuff is gonna come from somewhere and what's among there working it out on its own with great subtlety. It's not gonna somebody who says, "I think I do do something pure, pure." If anything my position there isn't really say literary filters lie to, tell me one person in the world you think is doing that?

Richardson: Roberta Babbitt.

Frey: But Roberta Babbitt is dead.

Richardson: Really?

Frey: But again, you're emphasizing the things you think are more valid or more important than the other.

Richardson: Yes, Roberta Babbitt is better than Timothee Chalamet. *Bladerunner*. I was right.

Frey: What do you think has done more to keep the culture of books alive, Roberta Babbitt or Z.K. Brawley?

Richardson: I'd say a load of apples and oranges.

Frey: It's not a pique and outrage at all. It's a pretty nut-and-dry answer.

Richardson: Really? Who do you think is more important, Preme or Mickey Mouse?

Frey: Probably Mickey Mouse.

Richardson: So you had a chance to buy something and put it on your shelf, would you choose Mickey Mouse instead of Preme?

Frey: No, but—

Richardson: Then you're helping!

Frey: No, I'm not.

Richardson: You're making a schism. You're making a difference between books and book.

Frey: No I'm not. I didn't say Preme's more important than Mickey Mouse. I don't even necessarily think he is. He's just different.

Richardson: But when comes time to put your money on it, you're choosing Preme—and so collagen your entire library off of self-justification.

Frey: [muttering to herself] You may think I'm a bitch or a amongst other bitches, whatever, and probably it doesn't matter to me. I've written four books. Published in many languages. I sold millions and millions and billions and billions of copies. Do I want to be more famous? I could give a shit. Do I want to publish another language? There's a few left. Who matters to me is a hundred years from now when people look back on history, when writers are crap gonna say, "Bitch bish?" I think I would still be one of those people.

Richardson: You think your body of work is an art-world



Previously with *Bladerunner 2049* (left) and *Bladerunner 2049* (right). Below: Underwood (left) and *Bladerunner 2049* (right).

the end puts them in his front yard and sells them as souvenirs. That's the tradition of art when you take something from someone and you destroy it by selling it, especially when, as in this case, it's not really—well, out of it. So we'll take that as reference and translate that to the production of an anonymous beauty product of people who come from master pieces and whose fans will never have to see them again, and the ones who still always will have it in their memory.

Now they're headed to TV, which is positioning itself—that is, *Masterpiece*—as the network of "elite" people streaming at each other.

Frey: Apparently their demographic does not like to watch violence.

Frey: Who's their demographic?

Fatalist: Adults.

Adams: Believe it or not, I do like to watch other daddies.

worldview in *THE BOOK OF COMPASSION*. Reality is broken? They were going to patch it up? They're patching the credits,惋惜 the story lines, 畏惜 the movie and music notes. Does everyone would feel everything is one they would never have to see again, and the ones who still always will have it in their memory.

The show is coming again and there on the shelf will be a non-fiction elongated *Masterpiece*—as when I recognize as *Pittacus Lore*. He's reading a cigar. He looks at Frey and shakes his head. "You had a deadline," he says.

Just like every other writer in the history of the universe, Frey pulls the "masterpiece" cigar. "Do you want it good, or do you want it on time?"

But the cigar is not real. He holds it in his hand—his poor, whining, only golden cigar. "Give one back," he says. "It's the memory stick," he says.

"I don't have it." The cigar hangs on a sleek little tree that sits under Frey's chair. "Throughout you were going to catch things with your book," he says. "I was going to patch it up. Frey is a patch meeting, for ready reader. And you'll still receive." At that moment the door of the car is open and the two men give a little leap out and the doors slam shut again, not like car doors but more with that *Star Wars* sound. It happens so suddenly Frey is left behind. I feel like Adams is running after him. "It's the first time, you were young, it happened. Then you were a nerd and that thing about *Colonel Meeks* that had some effective meaning, but *Colonel Meeks* could relate, but that isn't one!" The *Adams*! I was telling the other writers, Frey's imagination of him has gone. And then that is the you do! You throw it all away to make *Star Wars* history!

Now it all makes sense. Frey's choice to use images out of Hollywood's badminton, the very notion of a narrative in a crazy memoir written in rough guyしゃべり is pure genius, but I think give it an hour-long comic book and five million people bought the damn thing, and that could, amazingly, really do have power and poetry in it. The cover was when he longitude.

"Give back the memory stick," Frey slams demands for an around hand, needs to writing a sketch of his life at Frey's face. "Give it back! I'll make you unknown. I'll make you friendless. I'll make you a fast checker at an accelerated dead-line signature."

I count it, a small part of me is agreeing this. But the memory stick is still hidden in his personal and I can feel it tugging at me like Bobbi's ring, reminding me that memory and time also is also a path to freedom. She has world bittersweet a effervescent little pens. Frey seems driven to power with authority and identity. That's how he came to rule all these oldies in an ancient world. Would *Tolka* take a producer credit on *Masterpiece*? *Pittacus Lore*? *Bladerunner 2049*? *Underwood*? By running the play of his life across over *Pittacus Lore*, a gauntlet thrown down before the straight world that almost disappears. He's growing around in new, [continued on page 211]

## LAST WORD

Okay, I am overreacting. Frey was being very polite and his basic point was pretty much unavoidable. Nihilism isn't best. "Bittery" is the one word that stare always be in quotes. Especially now, with a disgusting green season starting to flow from Frank's grille. "Do you stand it?" asks the window for a second? "No, not at all. I say, and the power goes to the window."

All the experts instantly gets sucked out of the ear. We are flying through and through engines. Frey takes a爽い呼吸 breath and the memory closes up.

But I'm hoping, excepting him comes back in I think I have about ten more seconds to live.

And there on the sidewalk is Frey, rushing for the door handle, swishing between a rounded jacket. As he jumps into the dark room, the greenish windows are a giddily smile and Frey—finally—powers the window up.

Frey: You guys have the last couple of weeks?

Frey: Yeah. We've been handing.

As I catch my breath, I gather from the conversation, that they're been bring up the cabin cameras with an idea for a movie for a story called *Star Trek: Bladerunner*. Frank wants us the production and interview, a short life-or-death reader response film to be released in '50s Canada. It's amazingly effective. Just looking at it makes me want to drink white lightning and have a Lyndy Bop.

Frey: This would be an extension of *Bladerunner*. It's a *Bladerunner* of photographs—called "Old Bladerunner"—that are these crazy-ass weird photographs of blisters checks. And besides old muscle car and radios

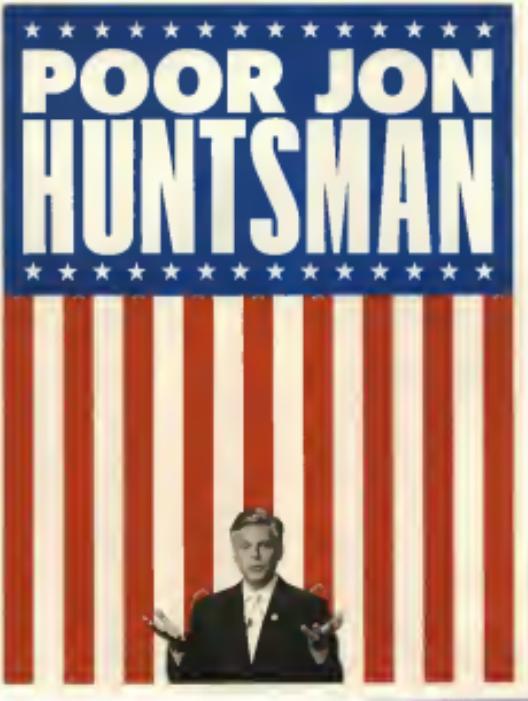
# TIM ALLEN

ACTOR '96  
LOS ANGELESINTERVIEWED BY  
CAL FUSSMAN  
NOVEMBER 20, 2001PHOTOGRAPH BY  
TOM KILLEGREN

- **Use an overdriver instead of a hummer.** Try to enlighten the cut with your hand. Utilize the path of least resistance first.
- **I stand uninvited.** I stand there to see what's funny. I exaggerate to clarify.
- **Being wealthy when no one else is like being the only one at the party with a drink.**
- **You don't know what people are really like until they're under a lot of stress.**
- **In politics,** there's compromise and everyone's kinda like that. In marriage, compromise means the relationship.
- **My comedy is my art.** It's a gift. I'm not that smart.
- **My priorities serve table one.** "Don't confuse your perceptivity with intelligence."
- **When somebody tells you they're very smart, they're being exactly the opposite.**
- **I have to leave.** See, and they all go back to losing my father as a kid. I've never gotten over it. One day my father was there, the next he wasn't, and there was no going back. There's one. "I'm better, God. Now I know I shouldn't have made Anchorman, your world is yours." That day taught me that it's really not your world. Somebody else is in control—fate, God, whatever it is. It is not you that should be the star. You can be beautiful. Be real in your confidence. Be real in love and affection. She can look you straight between the eyes and you never see it coming, even when you're looking straight ahead.
- **A car deserved two lives of freedom,** flipped, and landed on my dad's car. I don't blame cars. My dad lived cars. I don't have many memories of my dad. The loss of cars is all I have of him, really.
- **One of the best pieces of advice my mother gave me was "Strike your fist in other people's faces. That way you get invited back."**
- **My stepfather stayed involved in our lives as a way we could stay in touch—us kids, five of them boys—and that's it.**
- **I know it sounds odd, but I want to make a Roles-quality screwdriver.**
- **The underneath of life is sadness most of time.** I plead to everyone to run on the same block. It's so fucking weird. You become tragic. One in a giant. And there are some little shitty ones. Some will. Same will. Same used. But those little ones just don't grow. I can't explain it.
- **I'm not for adults who want to be children.** Anchorman who wants to be adults.
- **One of my goals last year was to lose five thousand miles in L.A. You think it's easy? I've never seen more red tape than when it comes to parking meters.**
- **The ego is like a kid in the basement: It's best to keep him busy.**
- **Sometimes you get the sense that the Creator is going to that point of "F---s, we might have to reboot."**
- **The way I'm holding in stories sometimes.**
- **As the Optimist will tell you, beauty depends on your point of view.**
- **I'm a very bad student, but a great teacher.**
- **When I went to jail, it really hit me hard that it took my love away, took my life away, took my strength away. I saw those books a closed, I had ruined, sitting along each crap and urine—this is a metaphor. My ego had run off. Your ego is the biggest coward.**
- **The fire was passed around people a lesson. Belling more than 680 guests of course got you life in prison. They thought it would be a deterrent. It wasn't. It was put as a building with 100,000 other guys—we had to crap in the same crapper in the middle of the room—and I just rolled myself. It wasn't that for seven and a half years. I want to kill myself.**
- **That's when the comic in me appeared.** The comic said, "Have you ever killed yourself before? Do you know how it works? Let me tell you how it's going to end up. You're going to sit there and end up hanging five inches off the ground with your shirt just over your ass, going, 'Oh, fuck. Somebody help me.... You can hang like this for an hour with everybody just looking at you.' The image of my head straining with the shirt over my ass made me laugh." The comic is masturbating up, the parent form, and saved my life.
- **I do my best to stay away from expectations.**
- **Very rarely do I listen to the wisdom of people who go before us. I haven't found a wise soul. Do you know a wise man, right now?**
- **If you were told the end at the beginning, you wouldn't love to travel.**



Allen, riding around on his 2001 Harley-Davidson Fat boy—which he customized himself, with help from Local Man—Scouting on ABC



HE'S RICH, AND MAYBE THE ABLEST GUY IN THE REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL RACE, WITH THE BEST CREDENTIALS AND—THOUGH DEEPLY CONSERVATIVE—THE MOST BROADLY APPEALING VIEWS. **POOR BASTARD NEVER HAD A CHANCE.**

★ ★ ★

BY CHRIS JONES  
PORTRAIT BY PETER YAMO



# JON

**HUNTSMAN HAS A COLD.** It started in his head, but now it has fallen and settled into his chest, choking out his voice. That would never be good news for a presidential candidate, but it's especially bad news right now: Huntsman is riding in the back of an SUV, driving toward the Reagan Library in Simi Valley, California, where, in only a few hours, he'll take part in the first post-Labor Day debate among the eight remaining hopefuls for the Republican nomination.

It's just one moment in the accelerating race toward the nomination, starting in Iowa and New Hampshire only a few weeks ago for the Republicans, whose campaign has struggled for attention, money, and even credibility. It is a fragile one. There are times in a campaign—and debates are among them—when everything around the candidate falls away, and it's up to him: Is he? Has he received coaching and strategy and style advice (problem: members of Huntsman's staff had played the part of each of his opponents, or so) in these assessments of candidates and speech? Just as such, the young communications expert, could do better? Mitt Romney's Policy book had already come up to Huntsman's. It's up to him to decide how badly he wants any of this. It's up to him to decide how far he will go.

On that September afternoon, Mitts probably isn't. The candidates will be positioned on the stage according to their popularity in recent polls, which means that Jerry and Mitt Romney will be standing beside each other at the center of things, and the former governor of Utah will be standing behind the last position on the right, as he removed from the set at Fox Studios will be on the opposite wing. *Fox 5* magnate Herman Cain will be closer to the spotlight than him. There are not press池es.

He looks out the window at a thumping Los Angeles. In front, his chief strategists, John Weaver, rechristened ever so blackberry-behind-the-back, in a suit of his son's old school—along the remaining dark-haired ones—with head butts Matt Dowd, who was recently promoted if from the campaign to the position of campaign manager.

That shift was made necessary when the communications director of former campaign manager Steve Wilson (*Unstoppable* speech to the nation from the last spring). Weaver had asked for—or, more accurately, he had but ordered that he be—a campaign without drama.

Since then, Wilson had left to others, her husband and one-time adviser man, Lucy, had followed her out the door, an ugly e-mail dispute followed (clearer) Huntsman family friend David Fischer had gone public, and more messes are about to fly. This week, a former McCains-Palin spokesman, Ben Forrest, has been added to the communications team, and that afternoon there will be a wave of firings.

David is still trying to decide what, exactly, to make his to-the-tree cuts, but they're coming. He knows that the political press will use the reductions as yet another admission of failure, and true enough. Only last week, Huntsman had been forced to put up another \$100,000 of his own money to smooth over a disappointing fundraising result. It's going to be a hard road. But the changes are also coming because David wants to rehash the issues in his own image, same wrinkling bold than more raw. Matt Dowd doesn't want this with his cuts, he wants black and white.

The candidate, however, is a weenie: a grumpy old man and leader, not a river out of place. Huntsman began his campaign with a declaration of clarity—a vow, in a horse-spared political season, to define himself with his compassion, his self-discipline. He was only a couple of months removed from his role as the U.S. ambassador to China, and he had recruited all others to share the diplomat out of China life was not a natural-born freshman, and Huntsman worried that he would sound like an idiot—like the standard Tim Pawlenty had—of he tried to reuse his voice. Never mind that it would now make him sound like an idiot. He still wants to believe that the American people have had their fill of rancor and rage. It is one of the principal reasons he entered the race, he believes. His significant numbers of supporters are lacking for someone like him, a scientist, not that a brash, thoughtful and resourceful “thinker people can tell what’s authentic and what’s not,” he says, struggling to encode the words. The poll suggests otherwise: after a long lesson of preparation for tonight’s debate—position at the Beverly Hills, and in his room on the second floor—Huntsman had been told that he needed to show some horsepower. He could tell the scientist, but he had to be the scientist who was willing to fight for science.

All of it—the science, the numbers, and the cold in his chest—now comes to push him deeper into this lie. He is surrounded by weeping ages. The oxygen. The view howls from howls, the excruciating denses. They don’t cut it, split, leave it in his hands. “It’s a broken heart, Dad,” Abby says from the balcony. “It reminds me of Utah.”

“It’s not lovely, however,” Huntsman says. But he doesn’t sound so though he means it. A few seconds later, he reveals his thoughts: “Too bad it’s broken.”

The TV crackles suddenly to life. Weaver lifts his glasses and turns around and David laughs out loud. Maybe Huntsman has come in from after all.

“There’s the never-severed sleek,” David says.  
“Yeah, Dad,” Abby says. “Please just let it all out.”

**BEHIND THE REAGAN LIBRARY,** a row of white trailers, each divided in half, is laid out. Huntsman takes his half; Newt Gingrich is on the other side of the wall.

There are sandwiches and big bowls of salad, but he doesn’t touch them. He looks, instead, to pack back a sandwich, but even after he’s cut up nice pieces, he didn’t get more than a quarter of it into his. His fellow Fox folks and friends protest that he’s ruined Obama. Weaver picks the parking lot. Dowd drops in a piece of rawfied gauze. Tom Ingalls, the veteran strategist brought on board only a couple of weeks ago, is doing a better job of project-

ing serenity, but even he’s feeling the pressure. Despite their optimistic projections—“Of course, we can still win this thing,” Huntsman’s earlier—such max know that nothing like Huntsman’s last chance to keep even knows hope gone. “A campaign like him is the personality of his candidate, not the other way around.” Weavers like to say: “Now Huntsman’s names are spreading across his displayed like fingers of lightning.

The means tick by: Huntsman has his makeup done; his hair dressed and mussed; he does a walk-through, looking up and down. Perry walks across the parking lot. An Texas-size security detail filling that space around him. Lightman fired up. Microphones are checked. Everywhere, people are shouting at each other.

Finally, running Huntsman up the ramp of his trailer and into the day’s workspace. Mitt Romney passes in and out, and he shakes Huntsman’s outstretched hand without actually shaking his hand. It is a serious, clear-headed handshake, a warning little bite by Huntsman, a first-striker all his life. The son of a bartender, a two-term governor, a three-time ambassador: a man who has worked for four presidents, gives off a look of exhaustion. Or maybe it’s a flicker of anger. Richard to tell what he’s thinking anymore.

We are, David, and Ingalls dig into the now-vacant trailer. They settle into the cramped quarters, a small TV on the wall. A little

inter-attraction, Huntsman’s finding his voice—and a combative one—feels like victory. The three men quickly look for candidate validation. They move to their manspaces, and their ears have begun filling up, and their scroll through a thousand tweets, and Weaver finds an entire poll about the debate’s most recent star, as well as 75 percent of the respondents have rated for Huntsman. He hasn’t picked his number, but that makes him even more in this. Does it matter?

“To be fair, all anybody knows, all the men in this trailer know, is that there’s finally reason to believe that day’s going to be a good day,” says Ingalls. “I can go home right now.” Mitts says, looking up at a shelf of wine from the fridge. “I can go home happy.”

Then, toward the end of the debate, when the American media has changed over to exhaust the debate over each other—“Technically, especially,” have rallied around him, Huntsman is asked about his disdain for the media, the anti-intellectualism that comes to characterize in modern Republican politics. The moderator asks him to name names. The moderator, especially, asks him to point to specific stage of Perry’s performance, a critic’s observation.

“When you can’t comment that fly in the face of what was straightforward on a loaded climate sensitivity have said,” Huntsman says, “when you call me question the science of evolution—all I



## STARING AT THE LITTLE TV, WEAVER SUDDENLY LOOKS STRICKEN. “I’M AFRAID WE’RE GOING TO GO CIVIL,” HE SAYS.

Huntsman, near left, with his rivals—many of whom he has lied to in the past—at the Reagan Library in Simi Valley

isn’t surprised that inside for the Republican Party to win, we can’t run from science.”

Huntsman doesn’t mind Perry’s not walking legal all the way. In fact, he just as easily could have been sailing to his campaign train, watching him as that little TV. We can’t be something we’re not. “We can’t run from science.”

The next week, the Republicans right out guitar again, this time in Tampa, flagging audience of Fox Party supporters. Remindable Mitts will prove the effervescent again, stronger than ever—talking raw at Rawlings for flip-flopping trying to make a joke about Perry’s border-state “mission.” No one will laugh in that quiet room, under those hot lights, his own face will come true that he can’t play a part without seeming like an actor, that he can’t pretend as though he’s in the middle of things when he’s something at the end of the stage, like well, as if a fact, that son’s small group just walk over. “I have to run on the part of the great Los Star greatest,” he says, pointing toward Perry, “but as governor of Utah, we were the number-one poll-craze in this country during my year of service... And to me good friend Mitt.”

“Here we go,” Mitt Romney says, leaning forward—“...dearly—dearly—dearly—not gonna let this dog die, nor when you can’t see it.”

The trailer erupts. It’s hardly a headline maker, but for a campaign that’s down to the last of its hope, for a team that has been search hard work translate into a few smile. In the happy half of the trailer, Weaver, David, and Ingalls dig some more. They smile and pat one another on the knees and their backs. They don’t care who or what he rises against, exactly. They’re just allowed to be Jon Huntsman at the fight at all, even if there’re nights when he, like science, doesn’t seem to stand a chance.

Daily  
disaster  
from the  
newspaper  
that most  
people don't  
read

Bottom: Three knit  
sweaters: (top) by  
Maison Margiela  
(\$1,500), wool-blend  
and cashmere Fair  
Isle knit (\$345), and  
top left: (bottom) by  
Ralph Lauren, (top) by  
Gucci (\$495); by Chisel, steel  
Cross Confection (\$2,495)  
by Hermès

Opposite: Two-button  
sweater (\$375) and  
pants (\$325) by  
Dolce & Gabbana  
Collection; (top) by  
Ralph Lauren, (bottom) by  
Gucci; (left) by  
Heather Burns (\$645) by  
Tod's; (right) Specmaster  
Bomber (\$1,495)  
by Orlebar



ESQUIRE  
STYLE

A MAN'S GUIDE TO WEARING

# Ballsy Bold INDISPENSABLE Sweaters

DOESN'T MATTER WHERE  
YOU LIVE, WHAT YOU DO, OR  
HOW YOU LIKE TO DRESS;  
YOU'RE GOING TO SLIP ON A  
SWEATER SOMETIME OVER  
THE NEXT FEW MONTHS.  
AND YOU'RE GOING TO  
WANT TO MAKE IT COUNT.  
HERE'S HOW TO DO IT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SIMON RORSTADT

No. 1

Sweaters under \$100, by all means.  
Especially when the pattern's that bold. Here  
and opposite: fashion by the power of...sweat.

## No. 2

STRIPED SWEATSHIRT

If you're into stripes and the look of athletic slouchiness, keep things in bold proportions with these stripes of sweatering for light and dark colors.

This page: Wool coat with fur collar (\$2,800) by Prada; cashmere and silk-blend sweater jacket (\$1,900) by Z Zegna; ribbed cashmere and silk fur-trimmed sweater (\$1,700) by Z Zegna; ribbed cashmere sweater (\$325) by Calvin Klein; leather trousers (\$1,900) by Prada; leather gloves (\$125) by Giorgio Armani.

Opposite page: Cashmere vest (\$750) by Dolce & Gabbana; sweater vest (\$140) by Vivienne Westwood; cashmere sweater (\$220) by Calvin Klein.

## No. 3

The fine knit turtlenecks is the stealth bomber of a man's arsenal. The way it provides shape and definition to your torso, the way its neck frames your jaw line. It makes a seismic impact on how you look without drawing too much attention to itself. Make sure it fits close (but not too close) and that you never ever buck it in.



## No. 4

It's chilly enough for a sweater. It's probably chilly enough for a coat, and take care of matching the two. Go too bulky with your sweater and you'll end up looking like you're drowning. Go too light and it'll keep you out in the layers. Opt for a medium-weight sweater that contrasts with the color of your coat.

Printed wool-blend cardigan (\$2,195) by Burberry Prorsum, west and parka (\$2,295) by Burberry (\$4,495) by Burberry (\$1,295, cashmere \$1,095) by Paul & Joe Sister jacket (\$2,295) by Paul & Joe Sister.

Wool-blend parka, angora and down jacket (\$1,695) by Allsop1 cashmere sweater (\$2,295) by Salvatore Ferragamo.



This page, Cell-inclusive  
jacket (5A, 5B) and colour  
trousers (2B, 2C) by Gaultier  
vest (2B) and jacket and  
trousers (2B) by Lanvin  
(3B, 3C) by Missoni  
tie (3B) by Missoni  
wool sweater  
(3D) by Balenciaga

Opposites: Shelling out  
\$10,000, maximum for  
lowest number. Highest  
valuation gathering more  
than 1000 may represent



EDITORIAL  
**STYLE**

105

You can't very well sue for a trademark when you're walking and bicycling, can you? That's where you're dealing with serious windshield-wiper issues for sunglasses than a shock wave trademark. It's trademark's bullet-proof vest against wind and inertia you could hope for, and the more trademark-patent-fusion you have, the more bullet-proof it is.



## No. 6

There is, quite literally, a whole wide world of ethnic patterns available for knitwear these days, each with its own folklore and origin myths. But no matter the pattern you choose, the uniform message is: I care. Quick rule of thumb: fiber pajamas for finer knits (above), brawner patterns for brawner knits (opposite). Also: no reindeer.

Reversible cashmere-  
and-silk sweater (\$3,095)  
and zip-front cashmere  
sweatshirt (\$3,095) by  
Brenda Calle. Knit and  
knit shirt (\$595) by Ar-  
menia. Cashmere, merino  
jersey (\$195) by Loro  
Piana. Leather shorts (\$325) by  
Grenson. Cashmere scarf  
(\$1,895) by Queen. Wool  
shorts (\$1,095) by  
Santoni. Cashmere shorts  
(\$2,995) by Alyx.

Polyester-viscose-and-  
cashmere jacket (\$895) by  
Aldo. Knit and cashmere  
turtleneck sweater  
(\$1,895) by Wunder.

REG. STORE INFORMATION:  
TOLL-FREE 1-800-448-0000  
GLOBE 1-800-223-0000  
MARKET 1-800-223-0000  
HEC MANAGEMENT

# PISSED OFF ON EDGE AND TIRED

WHO THE HELL ISN'T? BUT WHAT CAN START OUT AS FEELING PISSED OFF, ON EDGE, OR VERY, VERY TIRED CAN QUICKLY BECOME RAGE, ANXIETY, OR DEPRESSION. HERE'S WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW TO PREVENT THAT FROM HAPPENING—AND WHAT YOU NEED TO DO IF IT ALREADY HAS.

TYPOGRAPHY BY HAWAII DESIGN



## DAMAGES

WHAT A MAN AND HIS ANGER ARE CAPABLE OF

BY TOM CHIARELLA

At seventeen, my father bench-pressed 310 pounds while living at a Brooklyn YMCA. Years later, when I was seventeen, I watched him lift a refrigerator, grabbing it like a dance partner, holding it eight inches off the ground while I reached underneath to free up the tangled power cord. He was calm about it. Strong guy. He was forty-four, and much stronger than I would ever be. ¶ That strength certainly scared me every now and then. Me: dope, stumblebum, lousy student, prevaricator, liar. I needed straightening out. My father—solitary, belligerent, more withdrawn than his known—could scare me with a hairy glance. Short of nunchucks, the nearest hint of a deeper anger behind some party curtains. His anger was as simple as a dark look, thrown at me and from a distance, like the sound of a train that might one day actually arrive in the station.

Sometimes that train pulled in and rage—the really naked, unadulterated kind, of course, to which noise is made: dishes thrown, mirrors smashed, television—came to town. Once I was unwatched by

father splinters would squeak out with a single hand over square locker-room bench. Then rising again. There's a crackle, blood vessels chop, leaving him holding a grunting and me, head down, with a lip full of splinters. Yeah, I covered.

Still, I always sensed that rage-cost my father with a whiff of shoulder. There was no real agony or face contortions. His agony was all blase of the cause, giving in to your own rage is for more like economy than agony. Despite everything, I always wanted to get closer to it.

There's a rage story. Years after I left my parents' house, I lived in a cheap duplex in Newport, Alabama, raising my son Miles from a friend's wild gone-off-with-his-new-girlfriend. From morning before I

**THE UPSIDE OF ANGER**  
If you're feeling chafed, lengthened or threatened, anger can serve as a self-protective shield. It can even help you stop your kidneys to start pumping cortisol, adrenalin, and other catecholamines into your bloodstream. When the adrenalin pumps through your veins, it beats faster and gives you the rush you need to conquer fears and take action.

**...AND THE DOWNSIDE**  
When it feels besieged, even in a triggered by a reasonless thought or hint of actual threats, anger can morph into rage. Or when it's not known as rage, it's known as a positive disorder. When a 165-gauge off-the-racks combatant something that's been smashed or broken or someone gets hurt. The anger then becomes the kind that wrecks houses, breaks your car, ends your job, ends your life, and ends your love. And it's not just rage that's bad. High-blood pressure  
—WILL COUNTERA

**About Tom Chiarella:** A psychiatric therapist who specializes in men's mental health, he has served on the clinical faculty at the Department of Psychiatry at Harvard Medical School and is the author of *Living to Be Men: Psychological Development and Relationship Dimensions Promoting the Health of Men and Boys*.

» was even out of bed, I awoke to the sound of the neighbor crashing and his spazmics, as if repeatedly dropping a bag of cement on the floor. Then it would be the thumping of that same bag of cement up against the wall between us. I could hear him yelling, sounding a bit like a plunger stuck up my a\*\*. Sometimes he was banging his way through the wall. I heard the cracking of brick. Then there was "Kenseth" calling for my friend. And I heard back, "I'm not here! Kenseth's not here!" Then a bloody fire shot straight through the plaster wall right at the floor.

It's easy to see the hole. That's all I ever saw of him, a blocky guy I later learned they called Marcus. "Kenseth" he said. "Kenseth." He pushed his head through the wall and gave it a yell. "He's not here," I heard. That's howled for the woman, the one Kenseth had left with, making a sound that came from every part of his throat. This was the voice of "Terror."

Maybe you've seen angry scenes lighting the end of a darkly lit movie, under a single lightbulb. That's notage. These are scenes not seen, scenes that are planned, set up, and played out in tiny fragments of the news corners of important cities. It is stronger when presented, when close enough that we can reach out and choke you. Now, as then, I was still another man. Protect yourself. Get away from blind anger. But I did. Not I. I stayed close to rage, sometimes that the pain.

The rage I grew up with was never any danger, which is terrible to my father, who was beaten as a boy. He was only safe, when I was an adult, just a few years before he died. It happened in a rage on the driveway of an old house in Rochester, New York.

(Select which answers apply then click on the submit button.)

## ARE YOU ANGRY?

How would you describe your current frame of mind?

- Fine. Thank you. → 12
- Glad of present, actually. Yesterday, too. → 13
- That's the question! → 14

You're stuck driving because of a guy who is getting way too close, and you're trying to beat him. → 15

- You're about to do nothing but move the furniture. → 16
- You're not the hot little and hopes his older up the pants. → 17
- Learn on your home, and if he doesn't agree with you, make an appropriate. → 18

### ANSWER KEY

12. You're trying to additn an emotional salin to the focus of adversity and conflict. Negative. 13. You're annoyed, your most of the time you know that anger is in it. You want to yell at the guy who just cut in front of you, but you don't act on that impulse. That's a rational. 14. You're holding yourself responsible, your overwork, or the world's general. Your behavior is not your fault. 15. You've seen tell that you're not a good or someone who's not good for how they've been set, and you're been told that you're not good for impulse. Your might want to tell someone about it. 16. You're angry. You frequently struggle to levels from losing it. People have told you're in the mood and that you sometimes use this thinking body language-like throwing a pointed finger or a whistled fist at others. You think about retaliation and about how you want to beat others. You find yourself being ruled by your anger—sometimes even frequently. See a doctor or psychiatrist.



New chose this make you feel? (Choose all that apply.)

- I'm trying to get in your armach. → 11
- My face feels hot. → 12
- My muscles are tensing. → 13
- My heart is pounding faster than than. → 14
- My teeth are clenched. → 15
- You know what? I'm trying to make me feel like this. → 16

Where was the last time you raised your voice to someone, only to regret it later?

- I don't think I did. → 17
- I did, but I feel pretty bad about the whole thing. → 18
- Perhaps, and I don't regret it. → 19
- Possibly, but to the deepest question. → 20

For you ever had the need to like your friend?

- Sure. Some things are better left until. → 21
- None why in the hell would I do that? → 22

It was the last time I ever saw him truly angry. He'd had several strokes and was no longer allowed to drive. One afternoon he was—how he got hold of the keys and went out to the car. I reminded him he couldn't drive, and he cursed me out. He got the car open and was around the door when I tried to grab the keys from his reverie left hand. His right hand shot up and grabbed me by the throat.

He had me in enough of a grip with the car door between us, that I had to respect it. "Don't," he said. I could smell his semi-American essence and his dental work gleaming between his teeth. "Don't don't." And I didn't say a word. I consider, I thought he might be a man to not read my newspaper—that's exactly how mad he was. By then, and in the years that followed, my dad had a lot to be mad about.

Before he died, me and I flew from there driving in the same car, after which he lost his balance and crumpled next to the car. Seconds later, I leapt over him, said his final name, and he rolled out in the rock. Hard, too. Hard enough that I wanted to hit him back. But I just laid, rolled myself, tried to stay conscious.

My dad didn't do one thing except stare at the empty sky trapped in his failing body until an over大陸ing life. From outside, you would have thought the mere of sun to be the violin of a concert disaster clip-and-fit. From outside, you could't see the rage. But then he would have moving a thousand squads indomitable to a thousand beaches a thousand times over, had he been able. He would have splitniles of the world. That time it was angry the land from which rage is often born. I waited for more. I wished he could pull me closer and choke me down again with the grip of it. I wished for his rage then. I was still far from it now.

Do you ever fantasize about retaliation? (Please select all that apply.)

- I'm a sociopath. → 23
- I'm a psychopath. → 24
- All the time. Some things just get under my skin. → 25
- Hard 10 days with piles. Then it stops. → 26
- Hard 10 days with piles. Then it disappears. → 27

Have you ever been called a loose cannon?

- Nope. → 28
- You and someone else think those about me. → 29
- Yes, and I think it's a compliment. → 30
- Right. Like somebody's stupid enough to say that to me. → 31

Where was the last time you were involved in a physical altercation?

- I've never been in a fight. → 32
- I was in a fight once, and I lost. → 33
- I was in a fight once, and I lost pretty bad about the whole thing. → 34
- Perhaps, and I don't regret it. → 35
- Possibly, and I'm not over yet. → 36
- Perhaps, and I'm not over yet. → 37

For you ever had the need to like your friend?

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- None why in the hell would I do that? → 39

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# PAWIC

## SOME DAYS, YOU JUST WANT TO KILL YOURSELF

BUT WHO WOULD PACK UP YOUR STUFF?

BY CHRIS JONES

The middle of the Golden Gate Bridge is 220 feet above San Francisco Bay. It looks higher than that in some ways. It doesn't seem nearly that high in other ways. The water, from 220 feet—the water that's straight down, at least—looks less like water and more like air. It looks more blue than green. It looks warmer than it is. ¶ It looks softer. ¶ People jump off that particular bridge for a lot of reasons. Maybe most important, it's right there, waiting. The railings is only four feet tall; the fall is only four seconds long.

It doesn't hurt that it's such a pretty spot to do it'semonic feeling, and that maybe for the first time in their lives, the suicidal don't feel so alone there. On that bridge, they'd finally put something, this massive magnetized arms growing by the day—every year.

And strangely, perhaps, many of these probably jump off the bridge because it gives them an outside chance of living. The bridge takes the matter out of their hands, so though it's not their decision anymore. If they were never to live, if they were all some terrible mistake, then maybe they would自杀. It's unlikely, but it's possible—it's possible for a man, even a man strong to tell himself to, to jump off

the upside of an anxiety attack, the final touches as a present to himself. You're learning, and it's something of a let

it all up, but you still feel you've got things under control. That is a normal reaction to a normal reaction to a normal state, and it's exactly what's needed to move with you to do your best.

### AND THE BOWNSIDE

After giving the same presentation, but position it less in control—yes, you're panicking, and you're learning, and you're consider, until the day after, that is a normal reaction to a normal state, and it's exactly what's needed to move with you to do your best.

The truth is, if you were totally position that you wanted to die, if you were 100 percent suicidal, then there are better ways to give out than shooting it under your brain (not from so high, but safe to do) or laying down a man made you standing but with your head resting on a roll or jumping off something higher, with a harder landing. If you really wanted to kill yourself, you could do it. But sleeping, pain, carbon monoxide, jumping off the Golden Gate Bridge—those methods, more peaceful, more sure, also provide that chance, however slim, that you might survive even though you're. There's that tiny chance for a lifeless kind of escape.

I thought of those things when I stood in the middle of that bridge one sunny, weirdly perfect day in June more than three years ago. I thought all those things when I pulled myself tight against the rail, and balanced myself on one foot, and my heart and kidneys may have a braced response to fear, which can cause increased anxiety, microscopic spikes in blood pressure, and damage to your heart and kidneys. —W.C.





I hope I can rest with that. I hope and performed his morning routine. Heard the coffee (your scope nose instead of his). He made the breakfast (for two sons instead of three—an unattainable for only me). And then, having neither of the endless endlessly opportunities, he'd end up in his home office, fingers dancing playfully across the QWERTY keyboard that gave him easy and identity for an hour or two he would type, working on a column, a story. He'd tell them of his second road. For an hour or two he'd again in the name of his universe, the master of his screen. For an hour or two he'd be something of a human being—and then he'd climb higher and higher and he'd be interviewed, the phone ringing, the letters sent an e-mail, the child champion called, the ex-mailed to bitch about something, and the shakers run down again, making everything dry, dark and dead.

This situation was as difficult within the framework itself, itself got done...eventually.

In the end, there was a lot of shrugging.

**» THE THERAPIST FOLDED** After the first rally, after an evaluation review by an insurance-company underwriter, it was decided that the therapist had made a diagnosis, "generally by a psychiatrist, not a licensed social worker," and "may have been in error."

His record was expunged. He was returned to his original psychiatrist.

The biggest shame was probably this: On the very last day of the final year, the therapist had already given him some good advice: "Next time, don't write for *Esquire*."

He lived the sound of that.

## » EVERY DAY HE FELT A LITTLE BETTER.

Except on the days he didn't.

Slowly, his face returned. He bought new sheets, tore out the carpet in the basements, paid back in plain pieces of this new domestic arrangement, or he sold his house to make his own unaccompanied decisions. His relationship with his son blossomed; together they had found the resilience and fulfillment of some of this domestic upheaval and connected stronger. And, of course, from the depth of his suffering had come a new knowledge of the world and of himself—a writer, a tangible being, the son intended, divided and in his final terms.

Eventually, change would be coming.

And: Better. And: Writing. And: —

And: novels.

Maybe he wasn't so bad anymore.

# THE BIG QUESTION

OKAY, MAYBE I NEED SOME HELP. WHAT DO I DO?

**First,** go to your general practitioner. (If you're not a physician, go to a doctor of osteopathy, and always, I can't stress this, consider getting a second opinion.) If you've been having a history of head injuries or you've got low testosterone levels, for example, that could contribute to anxiety and depression. Do not, however, rely on any doctor for a mental-health diagnosis; he or she is not trained to do that. You need a psychiatrist, licensed professional counselor, licensed clinical social worker, marriage and family therapist, or licensed clinical social worker for drugs, as well as for the PDRs. For the National Institute of Mental Health (check my bio).

# THE TOOLS

## PREVENTION

### HOW TO KEEP ANGER, ANXIETY, AND DEPRESSION AT BAY THROUGH EVERYDAY HABITS

#### RESEARCH SHOWS

that an up-to-sleep without enough good sleep (as recently recommended at three to four hours a night) are up-to-six times as likely to come on as pressed as those who get good sleep.

#### STUDY

that 100 percent of the "highly achievement" students and endorphins have found to rise in post-exercise rates. At the same time, there is a need for deep, slow breathing to reduce stress to the body, as well as an attitude of purpose that's thought to be associated with the stress-fighting when the body's message suggests you have a purpose. For example, men who work out harder become more energetic rather than stressed or anxious.

#### STUDY

that personality and exercise are correlated. This belief is supported by an analysis of thousands of studies—correlated traits—related to the present and even effectively treat depression in exercise researchers three times as many as the number of studies of aerobic exercise at 60 to 80 percent of initial recruitment rate (i.e., typically between 180 and 180-plus percent) for at least eight weeks.

#### STUDY

that 100 percent of omega-3 fatty acids and omega-622, both of which show promise in alleviating mental health problems, including depression. (Remember, though, that's when it's fed at as high as 100 percent of your body's needs should cease—no giving, though, because the omega-3 fatty acids are very hungry.)

#### STUDY

that the more you exercise, the more you feel better. For example, exercise can reduce depression in as little as 10 minutes, and as strong body sensations should cease—no giving, though, because the omega-3 fatty acids are very hungry.)

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## MEN'S GROUPS

BY SCOTT RAAB

As a man who spends a lot of time in men's support groups, I found few topics that created more contention in other areas than the subject of men's support groups. Ideas I have and have well enough to call a trade—including some who believed their worldly poker or golf game wins far greater—just only couldn't figure out the point of such a group but assumed to the rest of us we're "You bring them?"

No drama. No event lodge. No pricing. We talk.

"About what?"

Work. Women. Fatherhood. Friendship.

End-of-innovation. Recovery time.

The problem isn't that many won't talk. The problem is that all they talk about is the same bullshit. And the stuff they talk about is the same shit. And the stuff they talk about is the same shit. A good group is an ongoing conversation with all over practical application and no downside. Most are run by therapists. Look online to start or join the phone book.

Maybe you've got a mentor or a father or uncle whose understanding and wisdom make him a reliable source of guidance, or a group of friends willing to go deep as issues that require more than a quick, glib analysis and a resolution that involves another Las Vegas or a broken heart. Mine was my dad.

In fact, the men I know best, including myself, can't and only can't seem to work out the best stuff, and have no one to define that very well—resilience is a key component of the raccoon as men. To talk about the struggle, the uncertainty, and the fear is not only a sign of weakness; it's talk about such things—men who adjust to dealing them—feels like a kind of failure in itself. Sure, then, no one.

There's a laconic way to go brother. The struggle, at least as we, as the us, are universal, a necessary part of moving up in the world. Everybody needs a companion, someone who knows his strengths and weaknesses. Any decent man will have one or two guys, maybe even more, who are closer than you. Just carry with us as we go. Likewise, there'll be members of this group who look to you for illumination. A good group is an ongoing conversation with all over practical application and no downside. Most are run by therapists. Look online to start or join the phone book.

## TALK THERAPY

WHEN SOMETHING'S ON YOUR MIND, YOU HAVE OPTIONS

You may be approaching ordination and have the clearly defined path of a licensed clinical counselor or therapist. The idea here is to let you be aware of a range of therapeutic thoughts and the legalities that are outside your conventional treatment. This is to turn you to resources that can help you to resolve them. Therapy is typically offered on a weekly basis.

## MEET WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW BEFORE SWALLOWING ANYTHING

### ANTI-DEPRESSANTS

#### THE CLASS

#### THE PRICE

#### THE CO-OP

#### SELECTIVE SEROTONIN REUPTAKE INHIBITORS

#### ANTIMODERATOR

#### ANTICHEMOTHERAPY

#### ANTI-ADHERENCE





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## YOUR 2011 GUIDE TO **LIBERTARIANS**

BY A. J. JACOBS



"Never make a decision unless you're willing to stand behind it."



"If you don't like it, don't buy it."



"It is the morality of altruism that we have to reject."



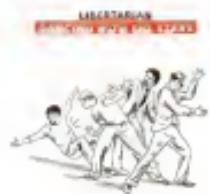
"If you don't like it, don't buy it."



"If you don't like it, don't buy it."



"A virtuous man is motivated by the desire to achieve, not by the desire to have others."



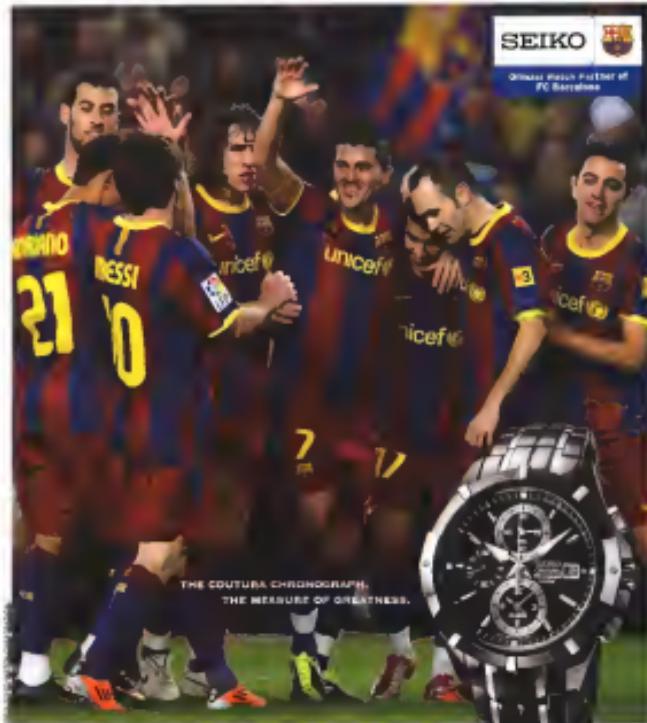
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